

The Nation.

VOL. IV.—NO. 93.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1867.

{ FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM
{ TWELVE CENTS PER COPY.

CONTENTS.

| | | | |
|--|-----|--|-----|
| THE WEEK..... | 285 | EDITORIAL ARTICLES: | |
| NOTES: | | The Connecticut Catastrophe..... | 294 |
| Literary..... | 288 | Equal Suffrage Universal..... | 294 |
| Schele De Vere's Studies in Eng- lish..... | 289 | "Scratching"..... | 295 |
| Mr. Parton's New Volume..... | 290 | The Judicial System of New York..... | 297 |
| Du Chailu in Ashango-land..... | 291 | Fire-Proof Buildings..... | 298 |
| Ecce Deus..... | 293 | Mordecia: Poetry..... | 298 |
| The Shenandoah; or, The Last Con- federate Cruiser.—Mosby and his Men.—The Papacy..... | 293 | How Not to go Abroad..... | 299 |
| | | England..... | 299 |
| | | CORRESPONDENCE: | |
| | | Why do the Tonkawas eat the Comanches?..... | 300 |

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E. L. GODKIN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

The Week.

THE rumors of impending war in Europe which have been prevalent in this country for some days, and which have seriously affected the money market, are, it is safe to say, not baseless, but entirely untrustworthy. There are only two questions out of which war can come. One is the Eastern question and the other the German question; but there is not to be discovered in either of them one of the indications of an approaching conflict. No power has shown the slightest disposition to interfere with Turkey, separately and apart from the others. Russia is the only one at all likely to do so, and she has in her latest despatches confined herself to the repetition of the old call for combined intercession—not interference—with the Porte on behalf of the Christians. Moreover, the Greek insurrection is not gaining ground, and the Turkish difficulty with Servia about the fortress of Belgrade, out of which it was feared trouble might come, has been settled by the withdrawal of the Turkish garrison. We do not say that the Eastern question will not yet end in a final conflict; all we say is, that there is, if we know anything of the signs of trouble, no immediate prospect of it. As to the German difficulty, no sensible man doubts that it will not be settled without a trial of strength between France and the new Confederation. The Prussian success has wounded the Emperor too deeply in his pride, his prestige, his dynastic prospects and reputation for sagacity, not to make war almost a necessity of his position. We do not doubt that he will attempt to justify the new scheme of military organization by the use he will make of the army he organizes under it. But, then, neither France nor Prussia is now ready to fight, nor will they be ready for a year to come. Prussia has not yet organized the federal army; the federal constitution is not yet settled, and some of the recently annexed states are still under military government. Moreover, the French army is still on its old footing, and numbers little over half what Prussia can bring into the field, and is still armed only with muzzle-loaders. The new military bill is still under consideration, and

the great Exposition, to which all the world has been invited, is only just opening. In fact, no careful political observer can discover in any quarter of Europe, at this moment, the smallest reason to apprehend the outbreak of a great war during the present year. The British quarrel with Spain is, of course, one of those small affairs which will probably be settled by an embargo or reprisals, and which cannot exercise any influence on the rest of Europe.

THE only striking political event of the week has been what seems a combined application of all the Southern States for an injunction to restrain the President from carrying out the Reconstruction bill. It is not likely that promoters of the movement have any expectation of immediate practical benefit from it. They are hardly foolish enough to suppose that a judgment of the court against the constitutionality of the law would tempt Mr. Johnson into open disregard of it; or that Congress would ever acknowledge that the court possesses an absolute veto on acts of the legislature. What the petitioners most probably seek and hope to get is not present, but future help; not an injunction which will prove effective just now, but a decision which can be used hereafter as a campaign document, and be embodied in a party platform. There are probably few warm radicals who understand how widely spread the opinion is in the ranks of their opponents that the whole radical policy of the last four years is but an outburst of revolutionary madness, and that the present régime will pass away before long, as did that of the Long Parliament in England and that of the Convention in France.

THE process of reconstruction under the military bill and its supplement is going on with all desirable rapidity. In the Carolinas white and black men hold meetings and are getting ready to work jointly in the harness of political parties, and the best understanding is said to prevail between General Sickles and Governors Orr and Worth. We should imagine that a few speeches like that of Mr. Orr at the dinner recently given by the Charleston Board of Trade might bring the good understanding to a sudden end. It must have delighted the governor's Charleston audience when, in the course of his speech, he turned to General Sickles and remarked, "You know, sir, that faith was pledged"—meaning the faith of the Democratic party, in which organization General Sickles used to be a "war-horse," and in the name of which, as Southern men are fond of saying, he and other leaders promised that if the Southern Democrats had to make war on the Federal Government, their Northern brethren would be found ready to aid them in the field. But the general could afford to listen to the governor's hospitable remarks if the governor could afford to make them. In Virginia General Schofield has designated certain of his officers to constitute a board for appointing in each county three registrars of legal voters. In Georgia Governor Brown is active. A. H. Stephens, it is reported, has never advised his fellow-citizens to sit apathetic, and if he were not "a prisoner of war" he would recommend them to get to work and take back their State into the Union as soon as possible. At Savannah there has been held a mass meeting a noticeable incident of which was that it was addressed by James Simms, a brother of the famous Thomas Simms, whom an ex-governor of Georgia introduced to the audience. In Arkansas Gen. Ord is working in unison with the Union State Convention. In Tennessee a white and black convention of a remarkable kind is said to have been held at Chattanooga on April 6. The Conservative Union County Convention was attended by 500 colored and 300 white delegates, and resolutions opposing Brownlow were passed. There is even a rumor that the Conservative candi-

date for governor will be a colored man. The United States troops are not removed, to be sure, but on the whole we seem to see indications that Southern polling-booths will not, after all, long need to be surrounded by bayonets in order that the negro may cast his vote, and there are plain signs that before many months are gone the prophecy will be fulfilled, and many Democratic politicians will have negro blood in their veins—while on the stump, at any rate. "Negroes from choice and not from necessity" will be numerous enough to drive Mr. Nasby to suicide.

THE Democratic victory in Connecticut is evidently not giving the South the comfort that many people feared it would. Most of the Southern papers seem to estimate it at its just value, and the orators and planters seem to be arranging their affairs before taking their final plunge into negro suffrage. There is one thing to be borne in mind in calculating the effect on national politics of such little local reactions, or what seem to be reactions, as that which has just taken place in Connecticut, and that is, that revolutions do not go backwards, and that no election can now make the result of the great crisis through which we are passing a whit less certain.

It is proposed to make an organized effort for the diffusion through the State of Connecticut of political information, by means of papers and documents, not as now, during the two or three weeks preceding election, but through the entire year. There can be little doubt that it is only by these means that the State can be won over to Republicanism. The mass of ignorance and prejudice it contains is too dense to be affected by a hasty canvass, conducted every spring in the midst of intense excitement.

LATE gazetteers give little information about Russian America, but various gentlemen who spontaneously address letters to Secretary Seward in support of his scheme set forth the value of our possible new possession in such terms that why the fortunate Czar should think of parting with it is a wonder. Perry McDonough Collins writes to Mr. Seward that the waters of the country abound in fish; that gold-mining is already begun; that silver will doubtless be found; that copper is found on the banks of the Coppermine River, though, out of regard for the morals of the peasantry, the Russian Government has not encouraged mining; that wheat and barley can be cultivated as far north as 60° N. lat.; that the supply of ice in the fresh-water lakes is enormous; that the climate is not so very bad; and, finally, that we may expect, when once the territory becomes American, that its trade in ice, in fish, and in furs will soon make it valuable. Dr. Bushnell writes to the *Hartford Courant* the best letter on the subject which we have yet seen. The climate, he thinks, is hardly more severe than that of Scotland; but what river in Scotland remains frozen till the 23d of May, as Mr. Collins says is the case with the Knitchepeg River (in N. lat. 62°), Dr. Bushnell does not tell us. The whale fishery, he says, is important, and, he might have added, free to all nations. But what is of most importance, in his view, is the fact that, going north-westerly from Lake Superior, we can run a railroad along the valley of the Saskatchewan, in British America, with its mild climate and bituminous coal-beds, avoid all mountains, and reach the coast at a point north of Cape Alaska; or, if we like, strike the Knitchepeg and—after the 23d of May or 1st of June, we suppose, and before the 15th of September—float down that stream to the coast. When we are there, we have a line very nearly coincident with the great circle of the globe between Russian America, and China and Japan, and have the shortest passage to those countries. Unfortunately, the coal in the Saskatchewan valley does not belong to us, but to the British, who also would like the shortest passage to China and Japan. However, these are the things which are said in favor of the proposed purchase, and the Senate has ratified the treaty.

EVERYBODY who has had occasion to use the telegraph for messages of a private nature must have often felt himself not a little doubtful as

he trusted the operator—sometimes a young boy, sometimes a more foolish young woman, sometimes a man not by any means of the highest character—with secrets affecting not himself only, but perhaps a dozen other people. In fact, the known instances are too numerous where the operators have abused the advantage which their position gave them; and Mr. Cornell's bill, just introduced in the State Senate, will, perhaps, be of some service. It is proposed to punish by imprisonment for three months in the county jail, or by a fine of \$500, any person connected with a telegraphic company who shall wilfully divulge the contents of any message entrusted to him, and to punish by a fine of \$1,000 any one who connives with an operator to obtain knowledge of the contents of a despatch. That this bill will at all meet the real difficulty, no one can expect. You cannot frame a law adequate to prevent the revealing of a man's thoughts, and the telegrams an operator transmits become part of his mental furniture—that is, if he likes to retain them in his memory—and to convict the future offender, whatever may be true of the more careless offenders of days past, will hardly be possible. Only his own evidence or that of his accomplice will be available. Persons transmitting telegrams must hereafter, as now, guard their secrets against violation by using a cipher or by telegraphing hints and inuendoes.

THE *New York Tribune* is publishing a series of letters touching the moral condition of the New York Legislature, and the picture the writer draws of it, shocking as it is, is, by those who know most of the original, considered under rather than over drawn. It is now generally acknowledged that votes at Albany are as regularly bought and sold as meat in the market; that no bill can be passed without purchasing a considerable proportion of the members of both houses. A few years ago this was done on a smaller scale, and with at least an attempt at secrecy; now it is done openly; and a class of bribing agents has sprung up—that is, lobby agents who have laid aside all pretence—to whom the money is confided for distribution, and who do the work as effectually as any other brokers. Nor is the business confined to the corrupt passage of bills. The latest device for raising the wind is the introduction of bills of peculiarly outrageous character, which, if enacted, are sure to ruin a number of persons. It is not intended, however, that they should be enacted. They are merely decoy ducks. They bring the birds to the fowler's net. Numbers of frightened people rush up to Albany, see the legislators, are thoroughly plucked, and sent home somewhat lighter in pocket, but also relieved in mind. The beauty of the thing is that it is not the poor devils of grog-shop-keepers whom the Fenians send to the Legislature from this city who drive this trade. These are knaves, to be sure; but if they were amongst honest men they would have to live by sucking their own paws. The main body of the corrupt drove are lawyers, farmers, and what not from the interior of the State, Republicans in politics, and sound enough on all the great issues of the day to please Thaddeus Stevens himself; and there is probably not a man of them who would not write a "noble letter" on "the use of money at elections" that would draw tears from a gorgon. This sad and humiliating story—and, let us add, New York is not the only State of which it may be told—is related with becoming horror by men who, in the same breath, deride the notion that a candidate's private character is of any consequence as long as he has been regularly nominated.

It is a sad thing to see how enforced association with an inferior race may by subtle influences lower the high-toned nature of superior beings. "The Yank" or the equally grovelling "nigger," one or the other, which we do not know, has corrupted "Pollard of Richmond." He advertises a prize for the best "Poem on the Confederate Dead." For, as his custom is, Pollard has started a new paper, and to eke out the expected brevity of his journalistic life he is going to utilize the bones of the killed in battle, to convert the friendless bodies of the now peaceful and happy dead first into Southern poetry, filling his columns for many months, and next into newspaper subscribers. One would rather not die than be treated so. It reminds one of the Otando practice which the Africans of that kingdom call *alumbi*. When a gentle-

man of Oando covets the brass pots or other goods of his neighbor he sends to him, with his compliments, a mess of some heathenish pottage into which he has put some scrapings of the human skull. Thus, at the expense of some disrespect to the deceased, he endeavors to soften the heart of him who owns the coveted property, and expects to effect by this means its transfer to his own pockets, or whatever part of his anatomy answers to the pockets of the civilized man. That this barbarous practice should crop out, as the geologists say, in Richmond and in Pollard of Richmond is melancholy. It is barbaric superstition, or it is the dreadful shrewdness which distinguishes Connecticut and Massachusetts as Connecticut and Massachusetts appear to the Southern mind, and in either case we offer our condolences to the friends of the afflicted.

THE state of political affairs in England will be found fully discussed in our correspondent's letter. The fate of the Reform bill seems to be still uncertain; and it is now doubtful whether, if the ministry were defeated, they would try a dissolution of Parliament. Their failure has been so lamentable that there is really nothing left for them to "go to the country" upon. A report has appeared from a commission appointed to enquire into the system of working children in gangs in the eastern counties showing that it is the custom for parents amongst the peasantry to hire their children of both sexes out, from the age of six, to gang-masters, who carry them about in droves from farm to farm, doing the lighter kinds of labor for the farmers on contract, forcing the gangs to walk long distances every morning to their work, and herding them together literally like beasts of the field. They grow up in heathen ignorance, worse than heathen vice, and are described by some of the witnesses as indescribably brutal, debased, and licentious. Apropos of this, *The Spectator* tells a story of the farmers in one county being consulted as to the propriety of establishing schools for the children of their laborers. They all approved of it, but were opposed to giving any greater instruction than would qualify the pupils to read their Bibles and sign their names. Arithmetic they would not allow to be taught. But light is, nevertheless, breaking, for the farm laborers in one district have at last struck for higher wages—the first evidence this unfortunate class has ever given either of ambition or power of combination.

IN France the Emperor's foreign policy continues to be the main subject of interest, in spite of the fact that he is irresponsible and irremovable, and that what he has done cannot be undone. The excitement which the subject creates is due mainly to the connection of this policy with the new project of army organization. "Had the foreign policy been different," say the Opposition, "this vast augmentation of the military force would not be necessary." "But," replies the Government, "it is not necessary for safety; Germany is no more formidable than she was; not so formidable as she was in 1815; what we want the large army for is to prevent anybody thinking that France is weak." To which the Opposition rejoins that this is a horrible price to pay for keeping up appearances. The truth is, however, that Germany has become fairly irresistible on any ordinary calculation of probabilities. The virtual merger of the South German in the North German Confederation, which we mentioned as likely last week, and the recently concluded treaty between Prussia and Bavaria, really put the whole military force of Germany proper in the hands of Prussia, and Germany, armed, marshalled, and trained by Prussia, will be a force compared to which the Germany of 1814, even in the height of the great rising, was but a dwarf. But tremendous as are the military preparations of the Great Powers in our day, there is no question that the enormous increase which we witness in the size of armies is in reality a fresh guarantee for the peace and prosperity of the world. It is a curious but instructive fact that the length and frequency and destructiveness of war have declined in the ratio of the increase and effectiveness of armaments, and that when the King of Prussia takes the field with half a million of men he is not half so formidable a foe to industry and civilization as Francis I. or Charles V. when he went warring with his 30,000 or 40,000. The Emperor having recovered his health, the rumor-mongers have gone to

work on that of the Prince Imperial and represent him to be in a dangerous state.

AN INTERNATIONAL NUISANCE.

WE have very little doubt that if either the newspapers or the telegraph company cannot make arrangements to have the European news collated, or condensed, or boiled down, or whatever it is that telegraph operators do to news, by more competent persons than those who now perform the duty, it will be generally agreed, a year or two hence, that the Cable not only does not fulfil its mission of bringing the two continents into closer relation, but acts as a positive breeder of misunderstanding. The habit of telegraphing his own vague impressions and guesses as positive facts, by which Reuter's operator on this side of the water did so much mischief during our war, is evidently growing on the gentleman who collects news for the Associated Press on the other. A despatch appeared a few days ago, after the announcement of the Russian treaty, announcing that "regret was generally expressed by the press and in political circles at the proposed sale of the Russian possessions in North America to the United States." An attempt was made by some of the papers, by using such sensational headings as "Excitement in England over the Proposed Sale," etc., to use this utterly worthless announcement to give the treaty popularity here. But it will be seen, on a moment's consideration, that the report of a man of whose judgment or acumen or social position or education nobody knows anything, as to what is expressed in "the press" of a particular morning, or as to the feelings of people in "political circles" during the twenty-four hours last past in a place like London or Paris, is not only good for nothing, but, when factitious weight is given to it by telegraphing it along the bed of the ocean for three thousand miles, may prove positively mischievous. We know nothing of the facilities which the agent of the Associated Press has for forming correct impressions, but we infer from his despatches that these are exceedingly small. On Sunday last he telegraphed: "There is a general distrust in political and financial circles all over Europe;" a statement the entire value of which depends on the character and position of the man who makes it. It would take Rothschild himself or Count Bismarck to say, with any approach to accuracy, what the feeling is in political and financial circles "all over Europe." We may be quite sure the opinion of the gentleman who compounds these little despatches for the press here, on a subject of such vast range, is not worth more than that of the first man one might happen to see in a Cheapside chop-house. On Monday he went to work again, and telegraphed that

"The feeling of distrust in financial and political circles has increased to a war panic. The uncertainty in regard to the future action of the Emperor Napoleon, and the fears that he will adopt a warlike policy, create widespread distrust among business men, and great depression in consequence exists in commercial and financial circles both in this city and in Paris."

The first effect of this stuff was, of course, to produce depression and alarm here, which is the more surprising as a refutation of it was to be found in the same batch of despatches. The true gauge of the feeling in financial circles in London is the price of the funds. We find on looking at this that for a week before last Monday consols stood at 91; under the influence of the "panic" described by the reporter they fell to 90½, which shows what his information is worth. If a "panic" pervaded Europe, in the present state of English politics and of the English army and navy, the stock exchange would have a very different story to tell. The Associated Press ought to do one of two things, either by a large salary tempt a first-class man in London, whose political and financial judgments are worth something, and who does know how people feel in political and financial circles, to make up their news for them, or else rigidly reject all that portion of the despatches of the present worthy incumbent which consists of his own guesses and predictions, and publish nothing but his facts. Otherwise the Cable will become a pest and a nuisance as far as the public is concerned—how great a pest and nuisance nobody can imagine who does not know how many people get all the foreign news they ever read from the telegraphic despatches.

Notes.

LITERARY.

A book is announced which, as Mr. Wilkes once said about something, bids fair to "discount propulsion and confound the thought." It is a book which, according to its publishers, Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co., "is not an argument, but a pulsation." "Prometheus in Atlantis" is the title of it, and it is "A Prophecy of the Extinction of the Christian Civilization." The literary, political, social, and religious condition of the age is treated of—we have a notion that our friends of Oneida and Utah are to revisit us—and the cheerful conclusion is drawn "that Western Christendom has reached a crisis which will not be passed without a dissolution." The publishers allow us, however, to indulge a hope that things are not really so bad as one might imagine from the lugubrious note that is sounded in the prospectus; "the trade" are requested to send in orders early, for the book is expected to have an immense sale. We are to have a little time, then, before we begin weltering in chaos; or are we to read Messrs. Carleton & Co.'s publications in the predicted state of disorganization and demoralization? We suppose not; he that runs may not read when his next neighbor is running after him with a stone mallet; we are not going to peruse prophecy when we are remanded to our natural rights and live in caves. When piracy is an honorable occupation will "the trade" give orders? Will "the trade" exist when murder is a safe employment? Perhaps, after all, as the book is a pulsation and not a good argument, it may be a pulsation and rather an indifferent prophecy. Among the other announcements of Messrs. Carleton & Co. are "How to Make Money and How to Keep It," a treatise on the way to grow rich, by Major-Gen. T. H. Davies, who treats of brokerage and commission and banking as if civilization were to last for generations longer, and we were far from simple robbery; and "Artemus Ward in London," to which is prefixed a sketch of the humorist's life. It is probable, too, that the same firm will be the publishers of a new novel entitled "Bleeding Hearts," by Mr. Mansfield T. Walworth.

—Two recent American books that have been very successful, as publishers estimate success, are Dr. Hayes's "Open Polar Sea" and Mr. Carpenter's "Six Months at the White House." Probably the interest which the public felt in Sir John Franklin and its admiration for Dr. Kane's work have made not only the latest book of polar travel but any book of polar travel a book likely to sell. "The Open Polar Sea" is now going into its seventh edition. Mr. Carpenter's book, of all the books written about Mr. Lincoln, is perhaps the most satisfactory, for, notwithstanding some obvious faults, it has the merit of being made up almost wholly of Mr. Lincoln's own sayings and of little characteristic incidents which fell under Mr. Carpenter's observation, so that, in a sense, it is an autobiography, a picture which the subject of it himself painted. Twenty thousand copies have already been sold.

—Ticknor & Fields are ready to give us the long expected "Translation of Dante's Divine Comedy" on which Mr. Longfellow has been for so many years engaged. The outward dress of the work is said to be as creditable to American typography as the work itself is creditable to American scholarship and literature. The volumes are of crown octavo size, or nearly as long and wide, though not so thick, as the bound volumes of *The Atlantic Monthly*; the paper is of the finest quality and the utmost pains have been taken with the printing. We suppose we hazard nothing in saying that this is the very best translation of Dante ever made, and these the handsomest volumes ever made for a translation of Dante. The "Inferno" appears in April, the "Purgatorio" in May, the "Paradiso" in July. And we believe it is to be not many months before Mr. Norton's translation of the "Vita Nuova" will make a fit companion for the three volumes of "The Divine Comedy." The same house announces as a companion for the very popular "Diamond Tennyson" the "Diamond Longfellow," which in a small quarto volume will give, without pictures, the complete works of the most popular American poet.—"Thomas Lackland," a writer who chooses to appear under a new name instead of under an old one which is favorably known to the public, is the author of a new volume of pleasant sketches entitled "Homespun, or Five-and-Twenty Years Ago,"

which will be issued in a week or so by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. "Old England: its Scenery, Art, and People," another work announced by Hurd & Houghton, is a volume of essays by Professor Hoppin, of Yale College. The "art" of which the title-page makes mention is architectural art as displayed in English cathedrals. The same house have in press "The Diary of a Milliner," which we understand to be not a novel but a realistic representation of the daily life of a woman behind the counter in a milliner's shop.—C. Scribner & Co. have in press for immediate publication a book by Mr. J. S. Gibbons, which, if it fulfils the author's intention, ought to be in the hands of every tax-payer. Its title is "The Public Debt of the United States," and, beginning with an attempt to substitute clear and definite knowledge for the ignorance in which the public mind is now involved as regards the various kinds of securities, it goes on to a consideration of the rights and duties of the tax-payer, and a treatise on the nature of currency and the laws of trade. Whatever may be the value of the rest of the work, the first part of it, which may be called a hand-book of the public debt, will certainly be welcomed. Scribner & Co. announce, also, "Rural Studies, with Practical Studies for Country Places," by Donald G. Mitchell; R. C. Trench's "Studies on the Gospels;" and a work by Dr. W. G. T. Shedd, "A Treatise on Homiletics and Pastoral Theology," which, it is likely, will soon be a text-book in most theological seminaries.—"The Ornithology and Oology of New England" is an elaborate work describing the birds of New England, their food, song, times of arrival and departure, time of breeding, etc., etc., which has been prepared by Dr. E. A. Samuels, curator of zoölogy in the Massachusetts State Cabinet, and will be published, for subscribers only, by Messrs. Nichols & Noyes, of Boston. There are to be three editions of the work, one at \$15, in which all the plates will be colored; one at \$7, in which the plates of birds will be uncolored; and one at \$5, in which all the plates will be uncolored.

—The quiet old library known as St. Patrick's, and better known as Marsh's, in the cathedral close at Dublin, was not only a favorite haunt of Swift's, but it was a workshop and a study for him as well as a secluded retreat; and there, after an undisturbed repose of more than a hundred and twenty years, have been found some highly interesting relics of the great dean's presence and labors. Pencilled marginal notes in *Cyrano de Bergerac* and Hall's "*Mundus alter et idem*" show that from them Swift gathered hints for "Gulliver's Travels." Other pencilings are scribbles merely, some of them being familiar words written out as if the writer wished to verify by the test of the eye the orthography he had settled on in his mind; and some of them being fantastical words, which probably the inventor wrote out to see if they were fit for service in the "Travels" along with his "houyhnhnms" and other verbal monsters, which alone are enough to prevent the latter books of his famous work from ever becoming popular, and the utter and exasperating unpronounceableness of which reflects discredit on Swift's judgment. The most important portion of the new treasure-trove is quite a long passage which seems to have been intended, says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, for the fourth chapter of the fourth book of "Gulliver." It relates a conversation which Captain Gulliver had with his patron, the houyhnhnm, on the subject of horse-racing as carried on in Britain, or rather on "the turf," as that British institution was in the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is in Swift's best vein of quiet bitterness, directed to the satirizing not of human nature, but of an evil not irremediable, and worthy of his severest lashing. The passage is far too long for quotation; this brief and not too savage stroke will as well recall Swift as half a volume would: "I told him that we encouraged a special breed of exceedingly light and small Yahoos for this purpose, whom we clothed in the brightest and gayest colors, whereby, I submitted to his honor, the disgrace of carrying so vile a creature was rendered somewhat more endurable." As for the suppression of this chapter or part of a chapter, the very probable supposition is that after Swift had written it he paid a visit to England (1726), and found that the racing mania which was then raging had attacked some of his personal friends, as, for instance, Bolingbroke and poor Gay, and from an unwillingness to hurt their feelings refrained from speaking his mind about the prevalent folly.

—Some months ago the distinguished chemist Justus von Liebig

published a notable pamphlet ("Ueber Francis Bacon von Verulam und die Methode der Naturforschung"), which late newspaper criticisms on a French translation have brought again to notice. It is a work of great interest. Liebig says he was led to the study of Bacon's works by his investigations in natural history, and expected to find in them a vein of excellent substance, but he found only adjectives and pomposity, and came away from his readings disappointed, dissatisfied, and empty-handed. After citing certain passages that Bacon had taken bodily from Gilbert, Drebbel, and others, he says: "In these modern days of sensitiveness in regard to such things, Bacon's act would certainly have been called flat plagiarism." In concluding he says: "The false and erroneous views of a past age often prevail among the people long after their roots have been destroyed. Out of the old worn-out rags of science Bacon shaped a new garment to fit his countrymen; and, although it did not cover their nakedness, yet every one found that it was convenient and of good cut; and so, through his labors to confirm the old falsehoods in possession of the ground, the new truth which Newton, Harvey, and Boyle brought to light had the more difficulty in struggling for acceptance." Liebig's judgment would seem rather harsh if he were not so well supported by others. Any one who has read Humboldt's "Cosmos" will recollect that he says Bacon was quite behind his age in mathematics, astronomy, and physics, that he was unjust towards Copernicus and Gilbert, and that Leonardo da Vinci had long before him treated of the method of experimental induction. Laplace also said: "Bacon has indeed given the prescriptions but not the example of investigation." Lastly, Liebig's French translator says he was led to the work by finding Liebig's views so exactly coincident with his; that he had been much engaged with the works of investigators and travellers of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries in preparing his work on Asia Minor, and was surprised to find how arid and unsatisfactory Bacon's works are.

—A late review in *The Spectator* contains some ingenious guessing as to the authorship of a successful anonymous novel, "Nina Balatka: the Story of a Maiden of Prague"—a Christian maiden of that quaint, half oriental, half western city, who loved a Jewish merchant. The critic suspected that the book might be the work of Mr. Anthony Trollope, and as he read said to himself: If it be Mr. Trollope's, "I shall soon come upon the phrase 'made his way,' as applied to walking when there is no physical difficulty or embarrassment, but only a certain moral hesitation as to the end and aim of the walking in question." Within a page or two the phrase was found, and in the course of the novel a dozen or so of others which also the reviewer declares to be peculiar to Mr. Trollope's style. From *The Spectator's* account of it the story is a very good one and every way worthy of its putative father, though its strong point is not Mr. Trollope's strongest point in his acknowledged works—"manners described with a flavor of satirical humor." Praised as the book is, its authorship will probably not long remain unknown.

—Some conversations held by a friend of his with the late Leon Gozlan have been published at Paris, and the French correspondent of *The Publishers' Circular* gives some of Gozlan's characterizations or caricatures of French literary men. This is Guizot: "I met on a glacier in Switzerland an Englishman who spoke French." Michelet: "A woman's voice—a child's voice—moans, groans, cries of distress. Great God, 'tis heartrending! I am agitated. I run to give help. Lord bless you, neither a woman nor a child! A supple, strong man throws his arms round my neck, strangles and throws me down. Help! Murder! Murder! Thief! Thief! No, 'tis Michelet." The satirical element disappears in the sketch of Victor Hugo: "Victor Hugo, minute and grand. Michael Angelo—Meissonier." Chateaubriand is "a pagan tattooed with sacred hearts, a Narcissus of the Dead Sea or of Jordan." Sainte-Beuve is poorly done: "Sticky and slippery, fleeting and glazed, real eel-pie.

—At the close of the next semester August Boeckh will resign the professorship at Berlin which he has held and honored for fifty-six years. Made a Doctor of Philosophy in Heidelberg in March, 1807, he had in 1810 acquired such a reputation that immediately after the establishment of the Berlin University, though scarce five-and-twenty, he was called to it as "Professor of Philology in Ordinary" and "Professor of

Eloquence;" the latter chair he has not filled for many years, but his lectures on philology have been scarcely interrupted since his appointment. Notwithstanding the infirmities to which an octogenarian is ever heir, his mind is still vigorous and his enjoyment of society unweakened. The conversation at the tea-table of his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Professor Gneist, one evening turning upon the United States, he spoke very pleasantly of his American acquaintances and scholars, noticing the peculiarities of some of the latter, and calling to mind the industry which, in the last score of years, has gained for many of them eminence and esteem. It having been always supposed that a rare memory must be one of the gifts which have enabled him to accomplish so much, it sounded strange when, speaking of an examination for admission to the faculty of the university, he said that it was very fortunate for him that the custom of examining professors was of modern date, as he would surely have failed to pass, and that the faithlessness of his memory had made anything of the kind a terror to him from his boyish days.

SCHELE DE VERE'S STUDIES IN ENGLISH.*

SCHOOLS and colleges have long been waiting for a scientific treatise on the English language based on history. Several of the books in use are of the lowest order of merit, repetitions of repetitions and compilations of compilations, with only a slight attempt to verify or correct what had been said before, and, of course, little or no original research. One of the worst features of these books is a profound unconsciousness of ignorance. It would never be suspected from them that our knowledge of Saxon is nothing to boast of, and that we are all but utterly in the dark with regard to several centuries of English. It is true that all the materials necessary for the making of a thorough book have been at no man's command, but a want of materials has not been the chief cause of the deficiency. But though the deficiency exists, some good work has still been doing for now many years. If we have no science, we have many important facts; and if we have no history, we have many interesting anecdotes; and a man who should set out to find and tell what has so far been really ascertained, would do good service even if he made no new discovery.

We are unable to award to Prof. Schele De Vere the credit of having done this, or of having done anything but another labor of indiscriminate compilation. He seems to have read most of what has been written from Horne Tooke to Dr. Angus, and to have received the whole with that unquestioning confidence which a sound theologian reposes in the Hebrew canon. He has been an extensive gleaner, but so far from nice that he has ground up in his mill thistles and wheat, cockle and barley, fresh corn and very musty chaff, indifferently. As he has read more widely than other writers of his class, there happens to be more of good matter in his book than in some others; but he is no whit more critical than the rest, and his comely volume abounds in fallacious opinions and misstatements of fact.

Jefferson, when he founded the University of Virginia, we are told in the preface, "appreciating with rare foresight, nearly fifty years ago, the importance of a scientific study of the English language, inserted Anglo-Saxon among the subjects on which a course of lectures was to be delivered by the incumbent of the chair of modern languages," which place is filled by Prof. De Vere. We heartily commend the wisdom of Jefferson, and would praise him still more had he also foreseen the necessity of requiring that his professors should study Anglo-Saxon before giving the lectures. We wish that some authority existed which could compel all persons who write books about the English language to do the same, or at least to make themselves acquainted with the rudiments of Saxon grammar. This most obvious of all preparations is the very last thing that is thought of; that is to say, it is not thought of at all. The consequence is much tiresome blundering and absurd misrepresentation, of which a very few specimens shall now be given from this book.

On p. 309 we have what may be called the *pons asinorum* of the expositors of English, the great problem of *methinks*. "What an expression to come under the ferule of the strict grammarian!" exclaims Dean Alford, who by a method unintelligible and impossible seeks to derive the expression from the familiar English *verbi*, instead of the Saxon *thincan*, to seem. Schele De Vere does the same, though here the parallel case of the German *denken* and *dünken* might have helped the professor of modern languages to a fair guess. On p. 308 there is a most extraordinary account of "the

* "Studies in English; or, Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Language. By M. Schele De Vere, LL.D., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

auxiliary I can," which is never an auxiliary in any rational sense of that word. It is "a regular verb," we are told, and has in Chaucer an imperfect *conde*; and *conde* being often used with *would* and *should* "took an inorganic l, which was never pronounced," and the letter n, "unpronounceable where it stood," was dropped, and so *conde* became *could*! We will now invite the author to find *conde* in Chaucer, or anywhere else, unless it be in Chatterton, and then to give his idea of a regular verb, *can* being on the whole the most irregular verb in Saxon. The account given of *must* and *will* (p. 306) will also make the judicious grieve. Again, under nouns (p. 182) we read the following: "Our *kitten* was originally the plural of *kit*, a diminutive made from *cat*, according to early Gothic usage. . . In like manner *cock* makes first *chick*, and then in the plural *chicken*." The truth is that both *kitten* and *chicken* are simple diminutives with the change of vowel (*umlaut*) so familiar in German. This change *may* have been known to "early Gothic usage," but it is remarkable that in the only Gothic which has come down to us *umlaut* does not occur. It is to be feared that the author's ideas both of Gothic and of Norse are somewhat hazy, for on p. 24 he tells us that the Danes had no grammar (meaning, we must suppose, no Lindley Murray or Gould Brown), and abhorred difficult and subtle inflections, and so they "deprived Anglo-Saxon of much lumber of that kind." The Norse inflections were in reality somewhat more difficult than the Saxon. On the same page we are informed that *garden* is a plural of *gard*, which is as true of the English word as of the German *garten* and the French *jardin*, and there are other curiosities revealed in English plurals for which we have no space. Adjectives are treated with no less erudition. Thus we learn (pp. 232, 233) that "we have lost the once popular adjective *bet*, from which we derive our *better*," and that our *less* is derived from a now obsolete *leas* or *less* which formed a comparative *lesser*, the substitution of *less* being quite recent. The fact is simply that *bet* and *less* (*læc*) were as much adjectives in the positive degree as the Latin adverbs *melius* and *minus*, of which they are the equivalents.

To pass from the grammar to the dictionary, here is a specimen of painstaking scholarship, and it may also serve for one of perspicuous writing: "The Saxons were as poor mariners as the majority of Germans are to this day, thanks to their remoteness from the sea [the Saxons?], and hence a ship was to them a *mere-hūs* or *sea-house*. *Gast-gedale* [*gäst-gedäl*], the parting of the ghost with the body, was their nearest approach to our abstract 'death'" (p. 169). Would not any one suppose from this that our piratical ancestors were a race of land-lubbers? And would any one imagine that *mere-hūs* and *gäst-gedäl* were a couple of little used poetical words (the former being Cedmon's phrase for Noah's ark), and that *ship* and *death* occupied just the same place in Saxon that they have in English? Another example in both particulars we take from p. 167: "Maidenhead does not belong to this class [of words in *head*, *hood*, as *Godhead*, *manhood*], as it refers literally to a head of the Virgin Mary, an image which stood in that locality, as Bagford writes to Hearne." The inference is that we got our word *maidenhood* from the town in Berks, not the author's meaning probably, but he can escape from this interpretation of his language only by confessing to extreme negligence. On a par for accuracy with the foregoing are the statements that though *reader* and *writer* are old Saxon words, *maker*, *founder*, and *doer*, all of which occur in Wiclif or Chaucer, are comparatively modern (p. 147); that *sheer* (manifest) is derived from *shear*, to cut (p. 168); that *summons* (old French *semonse*) is a contraction of *submoneas* (p. 184); that a *marshal* was a schalk or servant that attended on a *mare* (p. 210), the *mar* really representing the Saxon *meorh*, horse, of which the feminine was *myre*; that *quail*, to faint in the presence of danger (Saxon, to die), is of the same stock as the bird of Latin name (p. 278), and so on.

It need not be supposed that any more care has been taken with the general principles and large rules than with individual facts adduced as proofs or illustrations. Much of the theory and history is probably true; a good deal decidedly not to be depended on. Here we have a good bold assertion which perhaps requires a little scanning before it is bolted: "The most careful researches, the most sifting investigations, have failed to bring to light a single new root that has been added to the first common inheritance (*sic*) of these dialects (those of the great Aryan family), or a single new element that has been created in the gradual formation of their grammar since their first separation!" (p. 9). And here a contradiction: Our English maintained its independence of Latin, "gained largely in words and in terms, but never troubled itself to translate, as the Germans do now with pedantic purism, by which, after all, but one-half of the sense is caught" (p. 26); but, nevertheless, suffered irreparable injury by its temporary subjugation to the Norman-French, from losing "that power of adapting itself to new ideas and forming new words which it originally possessed in common with all Teutonic languages, and which the German has successfully pre-

served to this time" (p. 40); and here and elsewhere something which we are constrained to call folly. In a paragraph on the use of abridged words, such as *cab* for *cabriolet*, we read: "This is all the more to be regretted, as the loss of a part of the form almost unavoidably involves the loss of a part of the meaning, and in language, as in society, half-words are the perdition of women, and not only of women, but of all who employ them" (p. 200). And again, under the head of words in *less*, like *fatherless*, *reckless*: "It is not much to the credit of the people, if we may judge them by their language, that the idea of *loss* should have produced such numbers of derivatives, whilst the opposite idea of *holding fast* is met with but rarely. We have but a few like *steadfast*" (p. 227).

We will conclude with a sentence which strikes us dumb with a sense of an utter unfitness to sit in judgment on this book: "What is true of words is equally true of the whole language; it ever bears on its surface the impress of the mind of the people by whom it is spoken, and he who studies it with history by his side and philosophy coming to his aid, will soon find that it leads him directly to the most retired and inmost parts of the soul of a nation, the secrets of which no other key can unlock" (p. 5).

MR. PARTON'S NEW VOLUME.*

THE service which Mr. Parton has rendered by supplying us with readable and interesting biographies of many of the most distinguished Americans has not been as yet fully recognized. The defects of his literary style and the unimaginative quality of his mind have offended our more fastidious critics, and have to a certain extent prevented his receiving the credit which belongs to him for the essential merits of his books. Happily, however, the uncritical public has overlooked his defects, and his writings have a popularity which they, on the whole, well deserve.

This new volume, made up mainly of the striking series of biographical papers which he has contributed, during the last two or three years, to the pages of *The North American Review*, is likely to be as popular as any of its predecessors, and forms a capital supplement to his lives of Franklin, Jackson, and Burr. These brief essays display Mr. Parton's peculiar powers as a biographer on a smaller scale, and afford, for this very reason, an easier field for the analysis of those qualities which have secured for him the distinguished place he now holds in American literature.

First among these qualities—the fundamental requisite of any biographer—is the disposition and the ability to tell the truth about the men of whom he writes. All his books show that Mr. Parton takes pains to acquaint himself with facts, and that no theory in regard to his subjects prevents him from stating the facts as he finds them. His interpretation of the meaning and bearing of facts as illustrative of character is, at times, undoubtedly open to serious question. He is not, in any sense, a philosopher; he has few intuitions of truth; there is no subtle, spiritual insight in his view; he is not a prophet before whose eyes the souls of men lie bare. But he has a shrewd, honest intelligence; and while he looks at men with the eyes of common sense, his strong sympathies with certain intellectual and moral characteristics enable him not unfrequently to enter into motives and to discover the intimate traits of personal character. It deserves to be remarked, however, that his sympathies, as they are shown in his books, appear to be not so much with the individual as with the race as represented in the America of the present day. He is at heart a moralist and a lover of mankind, to whom special persons are interesting mainly in their influence upon others and their relations to the general progress of man in intelligence and in virtue. His estimates of men are essentially humane. The good side of his Americanism shows itself in this spirit of humanity, and it is not a bad side which is displayed in his confidence, not self-confidence alone, but confidence in man generally, and in man particularly as developing in the liberty and equality of American society.

A ruling moral idea may, we think, be traced running through all his biographies—the superiority of goodness to talents, of principle to will, and the dependence of serviceableness of character and of right principles of action upon the enlightenment of the understanding. His aim is to make this plain not by direct enforcing or technical moralizing, but by a straightforward narrative of the lives of men conspicuous enough to serve as examples, and by the honest statement of the results of those lives, so far as they can be estimated, to the men themselves and to their generation. Mr. Parton's creed is essentially utilitarian, and "the greatest good of the greatest number" is the formula of his religion. Hence, all that limits the free and just action of the natural faculties of man is hateful to him. He is

* "Famous Americans of Recent Times. By James Parton." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867. 12mo, pp. 478.

an enemy of tyranny, bigotry, and superstition, whatever guise they may assume or whatever claims they may assert.

For instance, it becomes obvious, we think, to a discerning reader, in reading "Aaron Burr," that it not only affords Mr. Parton an opportunity to enter a strong protest against the narrowness and hurtfulness of many current notions in morals, but that the character and fate of Burr had a special attraction to him as exhibiting the reaction against the harsh despotism of the theology and morality of the religious school which had Jonathan Edwards for its chief master. Nature is fond of compensations, of balances, of equivalents of force; and having produced such a character as Jonathan Edwards, she set him off by producing in the same family such a character as Aaron Burr. Burr was the outcome of Edwards; an illustration of a general law. There is much in Mr. Parton's estimate of Burr from which we dissent; we think we can observe in the biography traces of Burr's well-known power of fascination; Mr. Parton is forced sometimes, in defending the unhappy old man from unjust charges, almost into the position of his partisan. But the general moral effect of the book is what it ought to be. No one, not already corrupt, could learn from it a bad lesson.

Another marked quality in Mr. Parton's books is their eminent readability. As Mr. Fairchild says (in the "Surgeon's Daughter"), "The style is intelligible, Mr. Croftangry, and that I consider as the first point in everything that is intended to be understood." Mr. Parton, whatever be his faults of rhetoric, is never obscure and never dull. His manner, indeed, errs rather by over-alertness than by over-quietness. It is a great advantage that biographers possess, in common with travellers, that they have a true story to tell; the mass of the world is always so prosaic that it prefers to hear facts, or what it may in some way believe to be facts; any story about one man interests other men; but the art of telling a true story at all is possessed by very few writers. Mr. Parton is an excellent narrator, and has cultivated his talent for narrative in the widest sense. But, through defect of the fine historic imagination, he rarely presents a scene to his reader; his pages are seldom picturesque, and he never reproduces in actual presence before us the living, breathing, real man. His characters always belong to history. This is no fault of Mr. Parton; it is but a limitation of power which he shares with the mass of biographers and historians. There is no historian or biographer in our country superior in this respect to Mr. Parton; and at present Carlyle is the single imaginative and representative historian in England.

Mr. Parton's papers, in the volume before us, on Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Randolph, form a capital supplement, as we have just now said, to his lives of Jackson and Burr. Nowhere else can the reader of our political history find so graphic or so lucid an account of the chief figures on our political stage during the last generation. Contrasted in character, in principles, and in the circumstances of their lives as these men were, they each stand for something more than themselves. They are types and expressions of the ideas by which the nation was impelled, and of principles by which its course has been greatly determined. They are representative men; representative equally of the strength and of the weakness of America; of the excellences and the defects of American politicians and statesmen. Each life serves to illustrate the other. Calhoun died in 1850, Clay and Webster in 1852; and yet, as Mr. Parton says, the period to which they belonged has already been so far removed from us "that we can judge its public men as though we were the posterity to whom they sometimes appealed." The passions which their names once roused are no longer burning. Deeper feelings have succeeded to them. And Mr. Parton has judged these men with as much impartiality as if they had lived in another century. The judgment is severe, but kind. One reads these lives with sadness; with regrets for noble powers wasted, noble opportunities misused. Each of these three lives was a failure. Mr. Parton says of Mr. Clay: "He originated nothing and established nothing;" of Mr. Webster, that "he was one of the largest and one of the weakest of men, of admirable genius and deplorable character;" of Mr. Calhoun, that "he failed in all the leading objects of his public life except one." It is a miserable record, and one which should be made familiar to the people who loved and trusted, admired and honored these men. The secret of their failure was, that neither of them cared more for his country than for himself; no one of them had virtue to resist the temptations of place and the deceits of flattery; no one of them can be called a good man, and no one of them was a happy man. All of them desired, sought, labored for reward; none of them was inspired with pure motives; all of them forsook their honor and their virtue for the sake of winning the Presidency. "American statesmen," says Mr. Parton in an excellent sentence, "are called to a higher vocation than those of other countries, and there is nothing in the politics of America which can reward a

man of eminent ability for public service. If such a person feels that his country's happiness and greatness will not be a satisfying recompense for anything he can do for her, let him, as he values his peace and soul's health, cling to the safe obscurity of private life."

But although in writing these lives Mr. Parton has had the advantage of nearness in time to his characters together with that of what may be called historical remoteness, so that the memory of facts is still fresh while the passions connected with them have been in some degree quenched, he has yet been, as it were, "walking upon ashes under which the fire is not extinguished." His paper on Webster, which is perhaps the best of his minor biographies, and which, in our opinion, is distinguished not more for its vivid delineation than for its rigid impartiality and fairness of judgment, has been exposed to severe criticism, and has excited a tempest of rebuke from the self-constituted supporters of Mr. Webster's reputation. To such critics Mr. Parton might well reply in the words of Dr. Johnson:

"There are many who think it an act of piety to hide the faults or failings of their friends, even when they can no longer suffer by their detection; we therefore see whole ranks of characters adorned with uniform panegyric and not to be known from one another but by extrinsic and casual circumstances. 'Let me remember,' says Hale, 'when I find myself inclined to pity a criminal that there is likewise a pity due to the country.' If we regard the memory of the dead, there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth."

Two statements in the life of Webster have been the special occasion of complaint. The first is that "he had no religion—not the least tincture of it. . . . What he called his religion had no effect whatever upon the conduct of his life." It has been asserted that this charge is wholly false; but if religion mean anything more than a vague sentiment, if religion mean a principle rooted in the will, moulding the character and exercising supreme control over the conduct, then it is true that Mr. Webster had no religion. He was open to the influence of the religious sentiment; he was often known to shed tears in listening to an effective sermon; he was not unfrequently visited by emotions of contrition and regret; he was accustomed to use religious phraseology; he even on one occasion wrote some verses full of piety; but of that religion, that love of God and man, which is the source of all genuine and permanent political improvement, as it compels a man to the disinterested service of his fellows, Mr. Webster had none.

Worthy people have been shocked, also, that Mr. Parton should not have refrained from mentioning that Mr. Webster was not ashamed to indulge his appetite for strong drink, and even to appear before large audiences in a state of intoxication. The fact is notorious, and it is an illustration of Mr. Webster's character which Mr. Parton could not properly omit. The open faults of public men, of men whose talents render them conspicuous, are not to be overlooked or to be easily condoned. In a democracy the virtue of public men is of the first importance; their individual vices become political offences and public calamities.

We might say much more of Mr. Parton's books, but we close with a cordial recommendation of them to those who have not read them, and who would acquire easily a knowledge of the chief characters and events of our political history. We might point out passages in which we think his opinions erroneous, or his style reprehensible. "A large portion of ill-nature," says Dryden, "guided by a small quantity of judgment, will go far in finding the mistakes and inelegances of writers." We will not expose ourselves to this just rebuke.

The general worth of Mr. Parton's biographies may be estimated by comparing them with others of the same class—with Lord Brougham's "Lives of British Statesmen," for example. The comparison is greatly in favor of our American biographer. His best work is so good, and its defects are so obviously the result in large measure of haste of composition, that we cannot but regret to see him at present devoting himself to writing for the magazines. It is a pity that his talents should be employed in providing monthly entertainments.

DU CHAILLU IN ASHANGO-LAND.*

THE time has long gone by when it was sufficient preparation for writing a book of travels in Africa that one had been cast away on the shores of that continent. Nor is it by any means enough that the traveller can command an indefinite supply of glass beads, red woollen caps, and parti-colored raiment. These he still wants; but he wants very much more. So when M. Du Chaillu, after recreating himself for three years in the civilized communities of Europe and America, made up his mind to go once more to the realm of his friend King Quengueza, and forward thence as far eastward as

* "A Journey to Ashango-land, and Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa. By Paul B. Du Chaillu." American reprint. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

he might—even, if possible, to the Nile itself—he at once resolved to enter on a preparatory course of study. He went, then, to England and put himself into the hands of Staff-Commander C. George for instruction in the use of instruments, that he might be able to project his route by astronomical observations, and to take the altitudes of places. Under M. Claudet he learned the art of photography. He conferred with geographers and zoölogists. And he provided himself with a formidable outfit—a load for a hundred porters. Not to mention the beads and powder and cloth and sardines and canned meats and musical boxes and liquors, he took out with him two aneroids, two prismatic compasses, a magnetic-electro machine, artificial horizons, four or five watches, skeleton maps, a hypsometrical apparatus, magnifying glasses, protractors, sextants, rain-gauges, photographic apparatus and materials for taking two thousand pictures, boxes and glass tubes for worms and insects, seven pounds of mercury, fifty pounds of arsenic, and other articles in numbers numberless.

Having got himself ready, M. Du Chaillu embarked at Gravesend on the 10th of August, 1863, in a schooner which he had chartered, to set out for the mouth of the Fernand Vaz. We may inform our readers, in case of their being ignorant of the whereabouts of this river's mouth, that it is to be found on the western coast of Africa, somewhere near the ninth meridian of east longitude, and not far from 1° 15' of south latitude. Exactly where it is to be found at any given time only persons resident near it can tell, for it shifts and changes from year to year, so that M. Du Chaillu when he arrived in the vicinity on the 8th of October could not discover the entrance. He succeeded at last, however, and was at once welcomed by his old friends, among others by his friend Adjouatonga, who may have known his duty under the circumstances; he did it, at all events, after the orthodox fashion, embracing "Chaillie," who, as is usual, regretted the warmth of savage friendship, inasmuch as Adjouatonga was redolent of the familiar mixture, perspiration and palm-oil. As we go on a boat is upset in the surf, a grand palaver is held, there is something about fetishes, the King of the Rembois much delighted with a beadle's coat that is given him by the traveller, this head man is greedy, that head man is drunken, and other things are seen and suffered which are in nowise different from the regulation pattern. By-and-by, however, we come upon the famous gorilla. Thus much Du Chaillu modifies the statements about this monstrous ape which are made in his former volume: 'The gorilla is rather more gregarious than he formerly thought, for he has seen groups of ten gorillas together. The adult female gorilla can be captured alive, though Du Chaillu formerly thought not, for in this journey he had in his possession an adult female gorilla which some negro hunters had wounded and taken. These two modifications of his previously expressed opinions he has put on record in this volume. His readers will be apt, such of them as have been holding in their fulness M. Du Chaillu's former opinions, to make yet other modifications after weighing the later testimony here laid before them. For instance, as to the high courage and ungovernable ferocity of these animals—they seem to have always run away when Du Chaillu came upon them. As to the terror with which they inspired the negroes—several of them were brought in to him as soon as the negroes found that he wanted them. As to the gorilla's habit of beating its breast like a drum before it makes its onset—the captured gorillas did not do so; "Tom" did, indeed, strike his fore-paws against the ground and against his legs when he was angry, but he did not beat his breast. As to the gorilla's habitual or frequent upright posture when upon the ground, M. Du Chaillu in this book says nothing directly in regard to this, and doubtless what he might have said would have supported the theories and statements of his antagonists. One live gorilla, a young one, M. Du Chaillu shipped for England, but it died upon the way. It is thus described in a passage which seems to have got a little coloring from the imagination of the writer:

"Besides these collections I embarked a live gorilla, our little friend Tom, and had full hopes that he would arrive safely and gratify the world of London with a sight of this rare and wonderful ape in the living state; unfortunately he died on the passage. He did very well for a few weeks, I am told, as long as the supply of bananas lasted which I placed on board for his sustenance. The repugnance of the gorilla to cooked food, or any sort of food except the fruits and juicy plants he obtains in his own wilds, will always be a difficulty in the way of bringing him to Europe alive. I had sent him consigned to Messrs. Baring, who, I am sure, never had any such consignment before. I promised the captain that he should receive one hundred pounds if he succeeded in taking the animal alive to London.

"During the few days Tom was in my possession he remained, like all the others of his species that I had seen, utterly untractable. The food that was offered to him he would come and snatch from the hand, and then belt with it to the length of his tether. If I looked at him he would make a feint of darting at me, and in giving him water I had to push the bowl towards him with a stick for fear of his biting me. When he was angry I saw him often beat the ground and his legs with his fists, thus showing a

similar habit to that of the adult gorillas which I described as beating their breasts with their fists when confronting an enemy. Before lying down to rest he used to pack his straw very carefully as a bed to lie on. Tom used to wake me in the night by screaming suddenly, and in the morning I more than once detected him in the attempt to strangle himself with his chain, no doubt through rage at being kept prisoner. He used to twist the chain round and round the post to which it was attached until it became quite short and then pressed with his feet the lower part of the post until he had nearly done the business.

"As I have before related, I took photographs of Tom, and succeeded very well. These photographs I was unwilling to send home, and kept them until I should have completed my whole series of photographs of African subjects. They are now, unfortunately, lost for ever, for they were left behind in the bush during my hurried retreat from Ashango-land, as will be related in the sequel."

In the same vessel with "Tom" M. Du Chaillu sent to England a stuffed specimen of a new species of ant-eater, the Ipi, and fifty-four skulls of negroes, in addition to ninety which he had sent before, and these, having been examined by Prof. Owen, form the subject of an essay, of interest only to the scientific reader, which is given in an appendix to this volume.

As we have spoken of the gorilla controversy, we may as well say a word about the chimpanzee's nest, for concerning this also there is a controversy between M. Du Chaillu and other observers. The Frenchman says that the chimpanzee makes himself an umbrella-like nest under which he sits to protect himself from inclement weather. Du Chaillu's antagonists deny the truth of this statement; Mr. Winwood Reade, for instance, in a late number of *The Galaxy*, asserts that the chimpanzee, like the other anthropoid apes, lives in trees, that he makes no such shelter for himself as Du Chaillu fables, but that he does build for the female chimpanzee a bed, which she occupies temporarily, but which is deserted as soon as the period of parturition is over. Du Chaillu in this volume sticks to his former statement:

"I found here also several of the bowers made by the Nkengo Nschiego of branches of trees, and they were somewhat different in form from those I found in my former journey. I had two of them cut down and sent them to the British Museum. They are formed at a height of twenty or thirty feet in the trees by the animals bending over and intertwining a number of the weaker boughs, so as to form bowers under which they can sit, protected from the rains by the masses of foliage thus entangled together, some of the boughs being so bent that they form convenient seats; on them were found remains of nuts and berries."

These observations of the apes were carried on very near the coast while M. Du Chaillu was impatiently awaiting the arrival of new instruments from England, the instruments which he had brought out with him having, by mischance, been wetted with salt water and very much injured. At last, though at the end of fourteen months after leaving England, the traveller loaded his canoes, marshalled his hundred porters, armed his ten body-guards—Igala, Macondai, Mouitchi, Ngoma, Retonda, and five others—and, escorted by King Quengueza, set out up the river. Soon, however, he parted with Quengueza and struck off through the bush towards Olenda, at which point the unknown country began. He journeyed through Ashira-land, where the small-pox committed great ravages on the villagers and on his own men, and procured for him an evil reputation as the bringer of the plague; and through Otando-land, where he finds that he has lost much property by the knavishness of his porters, and where he makes a long stay studying the habits of ants; and through Apono-land; and through Ishogo-land, where he met with the Obongos, a tribe of dwarf negroes, who are what we may call a tribe of African gipsies, and where he noticed the wonderful waterfalls, swarming with insect life, of Ishogo belles; and on into Ashango-land, where, at the fatal village of Mouaou Kombo, Igala accidentally kills a villager, an attack is at once made by the natives, who before were not too friendly, and on the 26th of July, 1865, the expedition is brought to a disastrous end by a retreat so precipitate that all the photographs and specimens, and many of the notes which M. Du Chaillu had collected with such expense, labor, and hazard, had to be flung away into the jungle.

In a general description, the country through which he travelled may be said to be an almost impenetrable jungle, with few and difficult paths leading from one village to the next, the villages being small and the country thinly peopled. The traveller is struck by the intense solitude and quiet of this tremendous forest, in which few men and but very few of the larger wild beasts are found. As for the people, they seem to be not bloodthirsty, but more densely ignorant perhaps than most other African tribes, for they have never been in any degree under the influence of the white man, and for the rest, they are, of course, grossly superstitious, drunken, inclined to thievery and filthiness, and regardless of the truth. Polygamy and slavery flourish among them. The form of government is patriarchal, but the power of the head men or kings is not despotic, as is that of the kings in Eastern Africa

whom English travellers have described. Their religion is, of course, idolatry.

On the whole, M. Du Chaillu's attempted journey was a great attempt and gallantly prosecuted, but not brought to a successful end. It has added something but not much to what we knew before. These seem to be the results: The map of equatorial Africa, about midway between the first and second parallels of south latitude, from about 10° 30' to 12° 40' E. long., in what is commonly called Loango, is considerably improved by M. Du Chaillu's explorations; we suppose, scientific men must decide, that it is to him belongs the honor of having discovered the *Ipi*, a large scaly ant-eater, of a new species, and the *Ibola* or *Otolienus*, a little nocturnal animal of the Lemur family; he has also verified his former discovery of the otter-like *Potamogale Velox*, which, when he first described it, some scientific men considered a mythical creature; he has given us additional testimony in regard to the gorilla, and as for the chimpanzee bowers, he has honestly sent to England two of them, so that the scientific world can form its own conclusions; and finally, he has done something towards dispelling what little of mystery still lingers over the tribes of Africa, and has set for the imitation of other explorers an example of such industry and endurance as, with better luck, will yet carry some traveller across that continent and make his journey of value to the world.

ECCE DEUS.*

THE title-page of this book is sufficient to explode the absurd statement that has been going the rounds of the newspapers, to the effect that it was written by the author of "Ecce Homo." A man would not be apt to offer to the public "controversial notes" upon a book of his own writing, nor, speaking of himself, to say: "The writer has rendered inexpressible service to the cause of free religious enquiry by his magnificently intellectual discussions of fundamental truth." By the whole tone of the volume, its basis and its superstructure, it differs from its predecessor very widely. But it is quite as difficult to fix the author's place in the religious world as if he were identical with the author of "Ecce Homo." Indeed, it is more difficult; for the importance attached to forms rather than to dogmas; the stroke of policy by which he made legitimate the sacraments of baptism and the supper, which the general tone of his book seemed not to require, indicated very plainly that it was to the Established Church of England that the author of "Ecce Homo" owed his allegiance. But in the case of "Ecce Deus" we have no such positive clue, and can only say with certainty that the writer is not a Calvinist. His strictures on the doctrine of election are of themselves sufficient proof of this.

"Ecce Homo" was an able book; "Ecce Deus" is a smart one. By those who differ widely from the opinions that distinguish "Ecce Homo" it is agreed that it evinces much ability. But ability is too large a word to characterize the present work. It is simply smart, volatile, alert. If possible it is more uncritical than "Ecce Homo." If "Ecce Homo" ignored criticism, "Ecce Deus" affects to despise it. It troubles itself with no questions of authenticity or credibility. It takes for granted that the Gospel narratives are uniformly correct in their statements. There were statements in "Ecce Homo" which presupposed a certain amount of critical research. From those statements "Ecce Deus" hastens to dissent, remanding the whole question of what actually took place in Judea in the reign of Tiberius to the realm of tradition and faith. The way in which this is done, if not altogether satisfactory, is infinitely amusing. If it makes our author less convincing, it almost always saves him from the curse of being dull. If "Ecce Deus" is not a true book, it is certainly a bright one, and if "Ecce Homo" had never been written it would be worth while to peruse it.

The method of "Ecce Deus" is the exact opposite of that pursued in "Ecce Homo." The author of "Ecce Homo" was original in many of his views of Christ's character and position, but conventional in his explanation of these views and in his estimate of their practical bearing. The author of "Ecce Deus" is always conventional in his leading views. In no respect is he heretical. He could, no doubt, recite the creeds and articles without a bit of hesitation. But having recited them, he would go about to explain them in his own way, which oftener than not is quite original. The author of "Ecce Homo" was like the man who said "I go not," and then went; the author of "Ecce Deus" like the man who said "I go," and went not. The author of "Ecce Homo" found the Gospels very ready to conform to all his predetermined views of Jesus; the author of the work we are con-

sidering is equally successful with the creeds. As that book had a pet horror, so also has this. But in that case the horror was dogmatism and in this case it is sectarianism. "Christ founded no sect," we are told; "he established a church." To belong to that church nothing is necessary but love to God and man. To this theme the author constantly recurs. Taken altogether, although the book adheres in form more closely to the current dogmas than its predecessor, in reality it departs from them quite as widely. On account of its title and its formal adhesion to the dogmas of the Church, it will doubtless be considered orthodox in many circles where "Ecce Homo" was felt to be heretical. But this opinion will have little warrant. There exists between the two books this marked similarity: they are both better in parts than in their total result. Almost every page of either contains something that is suggestive or inspiring, but neither of them contains a life of Jesus that will satisfy the cultivated intellect, be it ever so little given to be critical.

The Shenandoah; or, The Last Confederate Cruiser. By Cornelius E. Hunt. (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.)—Our chivalry were very unlucky in their salt-water representatives. Semmes was first and the second was Waddell. We all know about Semmes; but Waddell is even a more striking proof of the general truth in regard to Southern cavaliers—that obscurity is their best fame. He is in more need of being made a professor of ethics than even the *Alabama* man. Waddell, it will be remembered, commanded the *Shenandoah*, and is the man who burned whaling vessels in the Arctic Ocean a long time—five or six weeks—after the rebellion had really ended. It will be remembered, also, that he would not take his ship into Sydney or Cape Town, but kept on round the Cape of Good Hope to Liverpool. One of the *Shenandoah's* officers—Cornelius E. Hunt—has written, and written quite well, a book called "The Shenandoah; or, The Last Confederate Cruiser," which displays this sea-king in a light that makes Semmes seem an object of envy and a respectable man. Says Mr. Hunt:

"Among the many excellent and high-minded gentlemen who, first and last during the war, acted as Confederate agents in England, Mr. J. D. B. stands pre-eminent. For the many and valuable services he rendered to his native country during the hour of her trial he steadfastly refused to receive any compensation. A short time prior to the final collapse, several thousand pounds of the public fund came into his hands, which he laid aside, not knowing how else to dispose of it, to provide for the immediate necessities of such naval officers of the Confederacy as the close of the war should leave homeless and proscribed in England. Two hundred pounds from this fund were appropriated to each of the officers of the *Shenandoah* as a just recompense for the long service they had rendered, and for which they could never hope to receive any other compensation. At two different times this fund, with directions for its disbursement, was privately conveyed to Captain Waddell after he landed in Liverpool, it being of course presumed that no more trustworthy custodian could be found for it. The event proved that this confidence was shamefully abused. Before any of his officers had learned of this provision that kindness and forethought had made for them, he summoned them to his quarters—George's Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool. One at a time they were admitted to his presence, and, as the humor actuated him, he presented them from fifty to one hundred pounds a-piece out of the two hundred that was justly theirs. A few of his favorites, I believe, received their full bounty. The balance he coolly appropriated to himself, probably as a commission for transacting the business, nor was this the whole extent of his peculations."

Mr. Hunt's book is evidently the work of a man of "Confederate" principles, if men like him can be said to have any fixed political principles; but its tone is not grossly offensive to the Northern reader, and it is possible to read the book. There is an hour's reading in it.

Mosby and his Men. A Record of the Adventures of that renowned partisan ranger, John S. Mosby, Colonel C. S. A. By J. Marshall Crawford, of Company B. (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.)—There is a sweet simplicity about J. Marshall Crawford that has given us great pleasure. Thus he describes the Southern situation before the Military Reconstruction bill was passed: "At the end of four years of almost superhuman exertions they find themselves a conquered people, with the loss of everything but their honor, seeking restoration to their former position under the Federal flag." Crawford, it seems, is a man who went South for the purpose of fighting in the rebel army, is not a very clever man, and is apparently an unpractised writer. We have just the volume that might have been expected. It will make any old soldier who reads it wish that Mosby's men had less frequently been farmers, and had done more open field fighting. The pictures are worthy of the text.

The Papacy: Its Historic Origin and Primitive Relations with the Eastern Churches. By the Abbé Guettée, D.D. (New York: Carleton. London: S. Low & Co.)—The Abbé Guettée is a somewhat well-known French priest who, having become discontented with the Roman Catholic Church and its teachings, has recently entered the Greek communion. To him "the Papacy" means "the Papal sovereignty," and the object of the work is to show that the Papal prerogatives are not of divine origin. This is accomplished to the satisfaction of the Protestant reader, or, in submission to Bishop Cox, who edits the book, of "the truly Catholic" reader. It is not a book for the ordinary reader.

* "Ecce Deus. Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ, with Controversial Notes on Ecce Homo." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867. New York: O. S. Felt.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE CONNECTICUT CATASTROPHE.

THE papers have been for a week filled with disquisitions on the cause of the Republican defeat in Connecticut, but without throwing much light upon it. Much of the difficulty which we all experience in getting at the true significance of elections is due to the extremely nebulous condition of mind into which the contest throws those who have borne a leading part in conducting it, and especially the writers. Their thoughts do not cool down and get dense enough for ordinary apprehension for some weeks. During the first few days we get little from them but similes, metaphors, and war-whoops, and there is, perhaps, none of the metaphors which breeds as much misunderstanding as the comparison of parties to armies. When, for instance, the *New York Tribune* informed the public, by way of accounting for the Connecticut defeat, that "an army never fights a battle in bivouac," it uttered an unquestionable truth; but it is one of those truths that suggest error. A party is not like an army. The essential characteristic of an army is its unity, its obedience to one will, the certainty with which it may be counted on to do a certain thing at a certain time with all its might. A party has none of these characteristics. It is a voluntary association, which anybody may leave at any time he pleases; it obeys nobody; it cannot be counted on with certainty to perform any act whatever, as those know who bet on elections; its only bond is common attachment to ideas, which no two of its members hold in exactly the same shape or are attached to in the same degree, or estimate by the same standard. It may seem, at first sight, that all this is rather irrelevant; but we hope to show, before we close, that it is really a contribution towards the solution of the Connecticut mystery.

The habit of regarding a party as an army is not confined to newspaper writers; it has worked its way into the mind of most politicians, and although during the canvass before elections they recognize the individual freedom of will on which parties are based, they are apt to forget it when they are legislating, and to act, talk, and enact with as much confidence and independence as if they were generals in command, and to the great host behind them had only to say Go to make it go, and Come to make it come. A considerable portion of every party is in reality made up not of blind followers, but of critics, who are not affected as much by the stump speeches and documents furnished to them before elections as they are by what they see of the use the majority makes of its power, and who, if they do not like it, instead of taking their place in the ranks on the day of battle, as the leaders seem to expect them to do, coolly go over to the enemy—and sometimes in close contests, such as take place every year now in New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut, they are strong enough to turn the scale. When there is what is called a "reaction" in any of these States, such as there was in 1862, it is not due, as the newspapers try to believe, to any sudden increase of wickedness on the part of the Democrats, or of any accession to their powers of mischief, but to the defection of a number of persons who were the year before on the Republican side, but who have been disgusted or alienated in the interval, and, not being enlisted soldiers, consider desertion no crime. Until the majority in Congress get this view of the case thoroughly into their minds, the party will run constant risk of reverses. How much of its present strength it owes to the stupendous folly of Andrew Johnson and the South during the past year it is impossible to say, but it is safe to say that it owes a great deal.

In so far as the party has lost in Connecticut, it has lost not through "cowardice," but through courage; not through hanging back, but through going too far; not through having done so little for negro suffrage, but through having done so much. The plain, naked, ugly reason why little over one half the Republican vote of the State was cast for negro suffrage in 1865, and why it was defeated by a majority

of 6,272, was, that a considerable body of the Connecticut Republicans do not want negro suffrage; and if the party had been more courageous at the last election and made negro suffrage a still more prominent plank in its platform and in its speeches and documents, the chances are that English, instead of a majority of 900, would have had one of three or four thousand. To say that the party lost the last election because it did not carry negro suffrage in 1865 is what logicians call "an identical proposition," and has about as much value as an explanation as a statement that a man died from want of breath would have as a theory of the cause of his death. It did not carry negro suffrage in that year for the same reason that it has not elected Hawley in this—because it was not strong enough, or, in other words, because the number of people who were willing to vote the Republican ticket on election day in 1865 was not large enough. It is, no doubt, safe to say that the Democracy owes most of its strength in Connecticut to ignorance, to prejudice, and to bigotry, and that the more diligent the Republicans are in preaching the doctrines on which the party is based, the more Democrats will they win over. But we fear the first effect of a decided advance on the part of the party of equal rights will be to diminish its own following, and that much still remains to be done before either its arguments or example will begin to make much impression on the enemy. It is as well to understand this beforehand. The first condition of a patient's recovery is the discovery of what is the matter with him.

One other unfortunate result of the "army" simile is its effect on Congressional action. The Republican majority at Washington has unfortunately, as we think, acted all through the session as if the party at its back could be counted on as surely as a colonel counts on his regiment. It has consequently not always made a discreet use of its power, and it has allowed a great many of its members to say very indiscreet things. It has treated the small Democratic minority in the House as if the latter only represented a small and insignificant fraction of the Northern people, when in reality it represented three-eighths of them, and has acted about the tariff, about the impeachment, about divers other matters as if nobody but friends were looking on, and as if such a thing as a party in power being defeated at the polls was never heard of. For ourselves, we have criticised the majority freely, because we hold that the criticism of the body which administers the government of a country, and particularly when, as in this instance, it is armed with almost unlimited power, is the main function of the press. But we have been well satisfied on the whole with its work, and in consideration of what there is that is valuable in that work we are very willing to overlook its errors. We only mention them now by way of warning. But there is in every party a large body of people who are not so enamored of the party principles as to care nothing for anything but fidelity to those principles. They are easily disgusted by even the minor errors and mistakes of statesmen, by faults of manner, by haste, by insolence, by recklessness, by extravagance, and the first thing you know they are in the enemy's camp. There are other people, too, who get tired of seeing the same men in power year after year, and if things do not go very well are apt to change sides through sheer weariness. These are facts which leaders cannot too constantly bear in mind, and if they were borne constantly in mind great parties would live longer than they usually do.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE UNIVERSAL.

GOVERNOR ORR has given frequent proofs, since the close of the rebellion, of a degree of good sense rarely to be found among Southern politicians. Naturally enough, he has desired to secure the best attainable terms for himself and his white neighbors; but he has had wisdom enough to comprehend the situation of his section of the country, and the folly of useless resistance to the will of the victorious North. His efforts to secure justice for the colored people in the courts of his State have been earnest, though fruitless before the passage of the "Sherman bill." He discerned very clearly that the constant denial of simple justice under the existing law was certain to lead to changes in the mode of government unpalatable to his people. But he could not make them see it; and now that their own folly and perverseness has brought upon them the evil (as they deem it) of universal suffrage,

Governor Orr sensibly advises them to make the best of it. He accepts the law in good faith, declines to join in any attempt to overthrow it in the courts, and urges the whole people to act under it.

Further evidence of the governor's common sense is contained in his anticipations of the tendency of the colored vote. He puts no faith in the prediction that the new electors will be controlled by personal influences (in other words, by their masters), and expresses his belief that, like other men, they will be guided by what they believe to be their interest. Their real interests, he justly says, are identical with those of their white neighbors. How strange that one wise enough to see this now should not have seen at an earlier day that the converse of the proposition was always equally true!

On the very day that the provisional governor of South Carolina thus avowed his submission to universal suffrage, the news had reached him that Connecticut had voted against it. The impression produced upon him may be inferred from his sarcastic comments upon the refusal of New Jersey, Ohio, and Michigan to admit colored men to the right of suffrage. The Legislature of Ohio has reversed its action; but of this Governor Orr was not aware. The people of Michigan have just elected a convention which will undoubtedly correct the error of that State. But the main point of the criticism is unaffected by these circumstances, since the fact remains that in a majority of the Northern States negroes are still excluded from the polls. South Carolina, though sorely against the will of her white population, is henceforth under a more equal system of government than Connecticut.

The inconsistency of the North in excluding the negro from its own ballot-boxes while forcing his vote upon the South, is not quite so glaring as its critics assume, and, in any case, is imputable only to a small portion of its people. A large majority of the Republicans in every State favor equal suffrage everywhere, while the whole Democratic party is as much opposed to enacting it for the South as for the North. The only inconsistent persons are the one or two hundred thousand Republicans who have helped to impose universal suffrage upon the South while opposing it in their own States. This inconsistency is more apparent than real, since there are obvious reasons for deeming equal suffrage more essential to a republican government where the majority would without it be excluded from political influence, than in States where the exclusion does not affect one per cent. of the population. So it is easy to see that universal suffrage may be necessary to keep South Carolina in the Union, while scarcely any restriction of the suffrage would affect the loyalty of New York or Indiana.

We do not care, however, to dwell upon this argument, since we are fully convinced that it amounts to nothing more than an excuse for a policy essentially unwise. As an answer to the complaints of Southern men it is sufficient; but we should be ashamed to use it as an answer to the demands of the disfranchised race, or as a vindication of Northern justice towards them. It is far worse to deny justice to half the people of a State than to do so to one-tenth of them; but, after all, the exclusion of even one man in a thousand from his natural rights is inexcusable.

The logical and inevitable result of the change at the South is to extend the same rule of equality over the whole country, and the sooner it is done, the better it will be for all classes, sections, and races. Whenever the Southern States are reorganized upon the new basis, they will be perfectly willing to join in making equal suffrage universal throughout the Union. If they are controlled by those who approve of the principles upon which they have been reorganized, they would of course vote for an extension of the same rule to other States; and if they are controlled by the opposite class of politicians, they would vote in the same way from motives of revenge.

We look, therefore, with confidence for an early amendment of the national Constitution prohibiting discriminations against color in respect of political rights. The opinion of some senators that the last amendment includes such a prohibition is entitled to consideration; but in view of the unquestionable fact that it was not so understood by the people when it was submitted to them stands in the way of such a construction. The controversy should be settled beyond all doubt, and the existing legislatures of the North, with those to be elected at the South, will readily endorse any amendment on this subject that may be proposed by Congress.

The fatuity of the Democratic party is so intense that we cannot reasonably expect it to join in this the only possible final adjustment of our national troubles, although it would evidently open the way to new political issues, and thus give that party a better chance for success. If by any means of resistance left to them the Democrats could prevent the establishment of equal suffrage at the South, it might be worth their while to resist it at the North; but when they cannot save Mississippi from the votes of 50,000 negroes, it becomes ludicrous to see their strenuous opposition to the admission of 2,000 in Ohio. It certainly seems hopeless to expect any good from a party so wedded to obsolete theories of oppression.

By making equal suffrage the universal law we should remove all ground for complaint of invidious distinctions between the North and the South. We should be able to prove to the world that the conquerors in this great civil war had imposed no other terms upon the conquered than they submitted to themselves. We should demonstrate that the war had been one of liberation, and not in any sense one of subjugation. Such, we are confident, was the wish of the Northern people, and although we cannot expect the present generation of Southern whites to comprehend or believe it, we do not doubt that the fact will be recognized by their posterity as well as by our own.

Without waiting for the action of Congress, we will not permit ourselves to doubt that the people of New York, Ohio, Michigan, and Iowa, who will be required to pass upon this question in their respective States this fall, will decide to adopt the principle of equality. The struggle may be hard, especially in this State, but the prize of a clear record is worth all it may cost. We must at all hazards vindicate our good faith, and be able to look every Southern man in the face, with the assurance that we have required nothing of him which we were not ready to submit to ourselves.

"SCRATCHING."

We have been asked frequently why we did not postpone our comments on the impropriety of nominating Mr. P. T. Barnum for Congress until after the election, and thus avoid the risk of injuring the Republican party through our opposition to him. The answer to this question, which some good Republicans seem to consider a poser, is very simple. Remarks on the value of character in politics, *apropos* of Mr. P. T. Barnum's nomination, would, after the election, had he succeeded, have been so much empty declamation, and would have made about as much impression on those to whom they were addressed as a dissertation on astronomy. Everybody who took the trouble to read them—and only very few would have done so—would have answered with a melancholy smile or a pleasant chuckle, according to the nature of his moral constitution, that the nomination of such a man as Barnum was certainly pretty bad, that the politicians really ought not to do such things, that the people ought not to allow them; but that the fact was, his opponent was such a dreadful Copperhead and Barnum was such a good fellow, that there was nothing else for it; true, he had been guilty of a little humbug in his time, but then we were all guilty of more or less humbug; besides which there were men in Congress already fully as bad as he. Then, as the thing was done and could not be undone, those who moralized about it would be voted bores and sent about their business. By the time another election came round and a fresh opportunity was thus offered for choosing good men, all the previous admonitions called forth by Barnum's case would have been totally forgotten; and were any one to attempt to revive them, he would be silenced by the same argument that is now used—the necessity of waiting until the election was over; and so on, in infinite series. Before each election it would be too soon to say anything, and after each election it would be too late.

In the eyes of those who argue in this way, to recommend the "scratching" of a regularly nominated candidate is a mark either of dreadful folly or dreadful depravity—generally the latter. When anybody who is troubled with a conscience begins to declaim about the corruption of our politics and the necessity of sending men of high character to the legislature in order to save the Government from ruin, he will hardly ever find anybody to dispute his statements as to the

magnitude of the evil and the necessity for a remedy, and nobody will join him in making a dismal uproar about them more readily than the party newspapers. But when he comes to enquire what the remedy is, he is always told with a triumphant air that he must attend the primary meetings; that there is the source of all our woes, the "everlasting bung-hole" that has to be stopped; that the "good citizens," if they want to see the Government reformed, have simply to go and vote for the delegates to the nominating conventions, and then all will be well. Now, if there be anything well ascertained about the great body of good citizens, it is that primary meetings they will *not* attend, no matter what happens. In the first place, they feel no certainty that if they did attend, they would, owing to the juggling which is carried on there, be able to exert any influence; and, in the next place, they are too busy, or the elections occur too often, or the machinery of politics is too repulsive to them, or they are too lazy, to do more than vote for the candidates presented to them. This is not matter of opinion; it is a well-ascertained fact; and therefore to keep on crying out for them to attend primary meetings, as a great many of our "practical" moralists and politicians are doing, is really about as "practical" as it would be to keep repeating to them that virtue is its own reward, or that to be happy we must be good.

Nominating conventions are, we believe it will be acknowledged, not generally composed of saints. Perhaps one of the last places in the country to which an intelligent American would go in search of a respect for character as a qualification for public life would be one of the assemblages of gentlemen who meet every year to tell us what governors and legislators we ought to vote for. Moreover, it is not the best portion of the convention which does the real work of selection, but a small minority whose chief qualification for the task is skill in that species of jugglery called "management." There is no earthly means of knowing beforehand on whom they will fix as a candidate for any office, as they are governed by considerations of all kinds, most of them very low, of which the public outside can see or learn absolutely nothing. So that the voters never know what species of animals they are expected to swallow until a week or two before the election, and after the announcement of the ticket no qualms or hesitation are allowed. You are expected to open your mouth and shut your eyes. If any officious bystander steps in at this point in the performance, as THE NATION did when Mr. Barnum appeared on the scene, and says that any of the candidates is not a fit and proper person, that he is a drunkard or swindler, or a gambler, or a pugilist, or professed "humbug," or a charlatan, he is received by the party organs very much as Peter Funk would receive anybody who dropped into his mock-auction store and warned a simple countryman against bidding for "a splendid gold watch" jewelled in twenty holes which Peter is just about to knock down for the small sum of twenty dollars.

Now, we are not such visionaries as to expect that the government of a free country can be carried on without parties, or that parties can be kept together without discipline and without the constant sacrifice of individual tastes and preferences and even opinions. In politics, however high our thoughts or aspirations may soar, we must always keep our feet on the solid earth, and take note of the material facts in our path. Men have to be governed as men, and not as either angels or wild beasts. But then the end of party organizations, the reason of their existence, is to put good men in office. A party which does not do this, no matter what fine doctrines it may insert in its platforms, becomes a pest and a nuisance. Unfortunately, however, it seems to be the constant tendency of parties to fail in this the very first of their duties. We have only to look at the history of the Democratic party to see how the process of moral decay begins and ends. That party started with noble principles. Its mission was to root out whatever of feudalism there was left in American society and government, and to make the freedom and happiness of the individual man the first of considerations. The work was a great one, and it enlisted for many years the best men in the country. But to succeed the party had to become disciplined, and it made its discipline so perfect that it carried everything before it. All the ambitious knaves crowded into its ranks in order to share in its victories and spoils. Having accomplished the objects for which it was first organized, it then began to use its dis-

cipline and organization for the promotion of every species of wickedness and rascality that its unscrupulous leaders chose to take up. Of course this moral decline was slow, but one of its first symptoms was the adoption of the doctrine that the interests of the party ought to be the voter's first consideration, and that his highest duty was to vote "the regular ticket," until at last John Cochrane avowed frankly in New York that "if the devil incarnate were nominated he would vote for him." This creed killed the party at last, but it did not kill it until it had done infinite mischief and diffused a spirit of political profligacy through the whole community from which we are still suffering. No party can long survive in a Christian country in this century an open repudiation of the great laws of morality, an open denial of the dominion of conscience over every field of human activity. The Democratic party could not have lived as long as it did if it had not been recruited by ignorant foreigners and backed up by the tremendous material interest of slavery.

The Republican party, made up as it is of the best class of Americans, of men who try to carry moral ideas into the domain of politics, could not survive the deliberate adoption of the devil-may-care theory about character one year; and therefore it is the duty of all its friends, of those who wish, as we do, to see it live and reign, to combat from the first moment every symptom of a downward tendency. To decide that character is of no consequence in a candidate, as was decided in Barnum's case in Connecticut just as the Democrats decided in Fernando Wood's and Morrissey's cases in New York, is unquestionably a symptom of downward progress, particularly when it is endorsed and applauded by the great party organ, the *New York Tribune*. This journal praised Barnum to the skies, denounced loudly the idea that his election was not of vital importance to the party, and informed decent Republicans that if they "scratched" the great hero, as THE NATION recommended, they would be guilty of something very shocking. Nevertheless, three days afterwards, when he had been effectually "scratched" and the election lost, it coolly informed its dupes that the election was not of any consequence, that the Republican majority in Congress could not only very well do without Barnum, but without two other members from Connecticut. There is about all this the old Democratic flavor of unscrupulousness. The Republicans of Connecticut were here asked on Friday to send a "professed humbug" to Congress as a matter of vital importance, and on the following Tuesday informed that it was all gammon and that the party majority was large enough without him.

Now, what has occurred in Barnum's case may serve as an illustration of what may be done in other cases by even a small body of conscientious and patriotic voters. "Scratching" is really the practical remedy for the vices of the whole system of nomination for office. It takes no trouble, involves no inconvenience, takes no more time than voting only. It puts it in the power of every man who values political morality to keep the nominating conventions in order. "Availability" is their god, and if they once find that character is a strong element of availability, and that if a candidate's cheating, swindling, drunkenness, or quackery would risk the loss of even a few hundred votes, especially in evenly divided States, they will rule him out. Barnum ran hundreds behind his ticket—200, we believe, even in his own town—and undoubtedly was a dead-weight on the ticket throughout the State; and it is quite safe to say that the lesson will not be lost on conventions hereafter, and that gentlemen of similar callings and antecedents will, in Connecticut at least, be henceforth excluded from Congress. There are, of course, occasions—there have been such in the history of the Republican party—when the issues involved are so tremendous that it will not do to stop to look narrowly into the qualifications of any man who offers to fight under the party flag. Victory or death is sometimes the only alternative, and, when this is the case, even the highest morality is forced to concede that it is well to accept help from any quarter for a good cause. But these cases are rare. The darling device of politicians is to persuade voters that they occur at every election regularly. The truth is, that it is not over once in a century that it becomes either excusable or expedient to put a knave in a post of honor. The thousands of voters—farmers, mechanics, teachers, clergymen, and lawyers—whom the spoils of office never reach, and

whose interest in politics is due solely to their desire to see their country well governed, should remember, when the big war-drum begins to summon them to the polls at every election, and the newspaper prophets tell them that the foundations of the round world will be broken up unless they swallow whatever dose the nominating conventions may prepare for them, that parties as well as nations live by righteousness, and that in politics as well as in trade honesty is sure in the long run to be the best policy—that Providence has not made any good cause or great interest dependent for either its safety or its triumph upon popular countenance of any form of vice or immorality.

THE JUDICIAL SYSTEM OF NEW YORK.

THAT some reform is needed in a system of administering justice under which a final decision cannot possibly be obtained in a cause within seven years from its commencement has never been denied since Lord Eldon retired from the bench. That such a system exists in the courts of this State is undeniable. The calendar of the Court of Appeals is constantly accumulating, and the prospect of reaching its end is every year diminishing. The causes preferred by statute are the only ones that are now heard in less than six years from the date of the appeal. Even in the general term of the Supreme Court, held in this city, an appeal from an ordinary judgment cannot be reached in less than eighteen months; and here, too, matters are growing worse rather than better.

In this city, moreover, there is a general want of confidence in the capacity of some of the judges, and even in the integrity of some, especially in the inferior courts. In the country we believe that the judges are generally regarded with respect and confidence, though we have heard vague expressions of suspicion concerning a few of them. Upon the whole, the elective system is thought to have worked tolerably well outside of New York and Brooklyn. But these two cities furnish an immense proportion of the business done in the courts, and it should be a fatal objection to any system that it does not work well there.

The questions thus arising are among the most important of those which the Constitutional Convention will have to consider. How to secure a judiciary that shall be so far independent of the people as not to fear to render an unpopular decision, without becoming so indifferent to public opinion as to feel free to neglect duty or to assume an arrogant demeanor, is a problem that needs much reflection to solve it successfully. The old system of executive appointment did not produce unexceptionable results. Much complaint was made of the delay and arrogance of judges thus appointed. But, with rare exceptions, universal confidence was placed in their integrity and ability.

The elective judiciary system failed in this State at the outset, through the introduction of strict party tests into the elections. The nomination of candidates for judicial offices by party conventions, on party grounds, inevitably tended to make such offices the reward of political services rather than of legal ability, while the prospect of a new election in a few years kept before the eyes of the judge the necessity of so shaping his course as not to injure his reputation for fidelity to his party. For no degree of honest independence would secure a renomination from the opposite party, while a very moderate degree of it would risk the judge's prospects for a renomination from his own friends. The clamor lately raised against Mr. Justice Davis, of the United States Supreme Court, for rendering a decision which no respectable judge in the land will impugn (whatever may be said of the *dicta* in his written opinion), is a strong proof of the incapacity of the best political party to deal fairly with an honest judicial officer. The almost unanimous refusal of the Republican convention held in this State in 1857 to nominate Chief-Justice Denio for re-election, immediately after he had rendered a decision extremely obnoxious to his own party, and extremely acceptable to his Republican opponents, was a discreditable fact; and it was all the more marked from the circumstance that the chief leaders of the party and of both its contending factions strove to secure its support for Judge Denio. The Democratic party had, of course, previously acted upon the same principle; but we lay less emphasis upon that fact, because less was to be expected from that party than from its more intelligent and progressive adversary.

Among the various plans which are talked of, the election of judges

by the legislature is one that has been adopted with success in Vermont and Connecticut, and perhaps in other States. It has, however, owed its success to the early determination of the legislatures to give both political parties a representation on the bench; and where usage has guided the executive of a State in the same path, appointments by the governor and senate have been found equally satisfactory. Indeed, there are some grave objections to legislative elections. The responsibility of an appointment is very much divided when made by a large body; and the temptation to trade votes is very great. On the other hand, no man would have much chance before a legislature unless he was in some way widely known; while a governor is occasionally influenced by private motives to appoint an obscure man, whose incompetency soon becomes painfully evident.

Another plan suggested is to give the governor the selection from among a list of candidates recommended by some fixed number of lawyers. Thus it might be made a prerequisite to the appointment of a judge of the Supreme Court that he should be recommended by at least five hundred lawyers, all of them having practised at the bar for three or more years. Bad as is the state of the bar in this city, we do not believe that either Judge Russell or Judge McCunn could have secured such an endorsement when they first presented their claims for elevation.

The real reform that is needed, however, is a distribution of judicial offices among both political parties, extending in the same proportion throughout the State, yet without resorting to any coalition of hostile parties. Machinery of various kinds has been used for this purpose, but we are not sure that a direct recognition of the principle in the constitution would not be the best, as it is the simplest plan. It could, of course, be evaded quite easily; but we doubt if it would be. The constitutional requirement that the State engineer shall be a practical engineer could be easily evaded, but we believe it never has been.

If the judges were chosen from both parties there would not only be more general confidence in their decisions, but a higher grade of lawyers would be selected for these positions. A governor, in appointing one of his political opponents to a high judicial office, would be under the strongest inducements to prefer the most high-minded and impartial of them. Having done so, he would rarely venture to put a weak and incompetent man from his own party by the side of an able and widely respected opponent. Thus, as it seems to us, the character of the whole bench would be sensibly raised.

A large increase of the judges' salaries seems indispensable to secure the services of the best lawyers, and it is very clear that the best ought to be on the bench, although in this country they rarely or never are. In Europe a lawyer greatly improves his social position by becoming a judge, and receives everywhere marks of respect which are gratifying to human vanity. In America a judge is little better than any other man, and the honor of the position is felt to be small. Yet the salaries of our judges are far less than those of English judges, and even much less in proportion to the incomes of practising lawyers in the two countries respectively. We are quite aware that several judges in New York city are receiving much larger salaries than they would ever earn at the bar, but none of them have an income which a first-class lawyer could afford to accept; while the country judges receive much less. By a rare combination of circumstances, John K. Porter has been induced to accept a place in the Court of Appeals; but every man of his ability and learning ought to be made willing to do the same thing after he has turned fifty years of age.

The division of the State into eight judicial districts has tended to create as many different systems of law. This is, of course, very undesirable; yet it is better than the delay of the old system. It might be practicable to maintain the eight districts, yet to equalize their business by providing for the transfer of causes from an overburdened district, or by a constant interchange of judges, so that the business of each district should be conducted by fresh judges every quarter.

The only remedy for the present delays in appeals is to limit the number of appealable cases, or to provide two or more courts of last resort. The former measure could be carried out by the Legislature; the latter only by a constitutional convention. To any arbitrary limit to appeals we are opposed, but it would be proper to compel every ap-

pellant to satisfy a judge of the appellate court that he had a good *prima facie* case before allowing him to appeal. A double court of last resort is an extreme measure, leading inevitably to confusion in the law, yet as a temporary relief it has become indispensable.

The whole of this subject merits the careful attention of legislators and lawyers. All possible light should be cast upon it before the convention assembles; and we earnestly hope that some measures may be devised by which the courts of New York shall be made an honor to the State, leading, as they ought, the whole American judiciary.

FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

THE American people adopt with great readiness any new method of accomplishing an object of practical utility, after its advantages have been so thoroughly developed as to be plain to an ordinary mind. The rapid extension of the street-railway system, the almost universal use of the sewing machine, and the liberal and at the same time comparatively inexpensive employment of the telegraph for newspaper purposes, are conspicuous among the developments of the past few years in which we excel other nations, which are behind us not in the imperfect character of the means which they employ, but in the relatively limited use which they make of them. To this general rule, however, there are some important exceptions, the existence of which is highly discreditable to our reputed good sense and prudence. And of these the neglect on the part of property owners in large cities to avail themselves of the means at their command for the protection of valuable buildings and their contents from destruction by fire is one of the least excusable. Not many years since the construction of a fire-proof building involved an enormous expenditure both of time and money, and the sacrifice of many valuable qualities in the building when completed. But such has for some time ceased to be the case, and a structure of this character can now be produced which shall be as commodious, as easily erected, and in every respect equal to the flimsy affairs whose existence yesterday is so frequently indicated by the blackened shell of to-day. It is idle to suppose that any system of insurance can fully compensate for losses of this character. The loss of the building and its contents is usually the most formidable item, but it is closely followed and sometimes surpassed by the cessation of rent which results from the delay of rebuilding. There are several structures in the lower part of this city which could be replaced for a smaller sum than their annual rent. In Nassau Street, near the Post-Office, is a marble building which has been occupied but little more than a year, whose reputed rent is half its first cost; while in Wall and Broad Streets there are single floors which cost their occupants enough each year to build a very substantial edifice. And the same is true to a greater or less extent of certain portions of Broadway. Another evil consists in the obstruction of the street for months by huge piles of brick and lime, crowding the already overwhelming traffic through a narrow gorge, and often involving a loss of time and temper which is incalculable. It is enough that such obstacles must exist where old buildings are being replaced by new ones, but when to this we add the rebuilding which necessarily follows a conflagration, the evil becomes excessive. And, finally, we must not overlook the loss, often very large and always annoying, which follows the entire disarrangement of business plans, which, however carefully matured, are often rendered worthless by a fire of short duration. For this loss no insurance company can provide a remedy, expectations of future success, however well based, not being considered rateable commodities. To guard against these evils it is only necessary that a building whose walls are of brick or stone shall be provided with floors of some incombustible material, that a fire may be confined to the locality in which it originates until it is extinguished. In many cases the fire is largely fed by the woodwork of the floors. Many of the finest fronts on Broadway cover a network of timber, some of it saturated with resin, and all of it ready to flash from floor to floor with a rapidity which must be witnessed to be fully appreciated. The method of constructing fire-proof floors which has been most fully developed and has given satisfactory results consists in spanning the interval between the walls with wrought-iron beams of sufficient strength, and filling the intervals between the beams with low brick arches.

As it is customary to finish the wall without the use of lath, it is easy, by observing whether the ceiling consists of a series of parallel arches, to ascertain whether a building is fire-proof or not. Of course no building can be safe which contains substances capable of furnishing their own oxygen, such as fireworks; while the presence of such combustibles as petroleum, which cannot be extinguished by water, but floats merrily along on its surface, is inadmissible; but as these materials usually occupy separate warehouses, and not the slightest necessity exists for their storage in the midst of valuable property, we need not consider them here.

Inasmuch as woodwork must be supplied with air from below to burn readily, a plank covering can safely be laid upon the more massive foundation which we have described. Such a floor could be laid at a large profit to the contractor for one dollar and a half per square foot. At this rate the loss sustained by the burning of a large warehouse on Broadway a few weeks since would have provided over fifteen acres of flooring, or enough for a five-story building one hundred feet deep and thirteen hundred feet long; and when we consider that this fire was preceded at intervals of a few months by others of approximate magnitude, and will doubtless be followed by the same, it will be apparent that in a few years the losses of this character will exceed in amount a sum which, if properly expended at the outset in brick and iron, would secure entire immunity from such conflagrations throughout the business portion of the city. A fire-proof floor can readily be made water-proof as well; and, by a proper arrangement of the staircases, any story could be flooded with water without affecting those below, just as a roof can be flooded without injuring the loft which it covers. The cotton mills of Lowell, which are ensured by a mutual arrangement among their proprietors, are provided with a simple but effective system which enables any story to be flooded in a moment. An elevated reservoir of sufficient capacity is kept constantly filled by suitable pumps, and from this a pipe is led which includes all the mills in its circuit. The various departments in each establishment are provided with perforated iron pipes extending along the ceiling. These pipes remain empty until a fire is discovered, when the water is turned on and it is speedily extinguished. This plan has endured the ordeal of several years' practical working, and this under circumstances peculiarly fitted to test its powers, owing to the presence of large masses of loose cotton in the various stages of its manufacture. There is no reason why the same means would not prove as effective elsewhere.

Although iron has been mentioned as the material best adapted to the construction of fire-proof buildings, wood can be so prepared that it will not burn, but at the most will only smolder and char when intensely heated from without by the flame of other substances. A process for effecting this result has been practically tested in England with good results, and nothing but the absence of a demand for inventions of this character prevents our chemists from investigating the subject thoroughly, and producing a simple but effective plan by which the desired result may be simply but effectively attained, should the means already proposed prove in any manner defective. The whole subject is one of the deepest interest to the American people, not simply to those in large cities but to the residents of the thousands of hastily-constructed towns and villages which cover the country, some of which are almost constantly reported in the telegraphic columns as having lost their entire business quarters by a fire of a few hours' duration. Nothing is required to secure the universal adoption of an effective remedy but a careful investigation of the subject by those who are most deeply interested.

MORDECAI.

MAKE friends with him! He is of royal line
Although he sits in rags. Not all of thine
Array of splendor, pomp of high estate,
Can buy him from his place within the gate,
The King's gate of thy happiness, where he,
Yes, even he, the Jew, remaineth free,
Never obeisance making, never scorn
Betraying of thy silver, and new born
Delight. Make friends with him, for unawares

The charmed secret of thy joys he bears;
Be glad, so long as his black sackcloth, late,
And early, thwarts thy sun; for if in hate,
And haste, thou plottest for his blood, thy own death-cry,
Not his, comes from the gallows fifty cubits high!

H. H.

HOW NOT TO GO ABROAD.

MANY of those who are now setting their faces toward the Old World go this year because their friends are going, of whom they hope to see much. They will quarter themselves at Paris, in hotels or boarding-houses which are frequented by their countrymen, to whose society they will confine themselves. The head of the family will pass several hours every morning during his stay in the rooms of his American banker (whom he fully pays for the privilege), where he can peruse the latest New York or Boston newspapers, and can discuss home politics or home gossip with the heads of other families. His wife and daughters will wear away the period of his absence in paying or receiving calls from the wives and daughters of other Americans, or in endeavoring to communicate with a dressmaker whose knowledge of English is equal to their knowledge of French. In the afternoon they will all join parties of their American fellow-boarders for a visit to the Louvre or the Luxembourg, or will devote themselves to shopping, in company with friends who have been a week longer in the city than they, and who know where to find "English spoken." They will spend many agreeable evenings with their American acquaintances, reposing from the fatigues of the day, planning fatigues for the morrow, exchanging congratulations that this or that "sight" has been "done," inveighing against the ill qualities of the French character, as displayed in the tardiness of a dressmaker or in the exhortations of a cab-driver, and talking over the last letters from home. When they go to the theatre it will be with a party of their countrymen, in order that they may keep up their English between the acts, if not also during them. If they dine at the Maison Doré or the Trois Frères—a luxury rarely permitted by the holder of the family purse—it will be in a private room. If they breakfast now and then at the Grand Café, it will be at an hour when they are sure of not being elbowed by foreigners. They will study the manners and customs of the nobility during their drives in the Bois de Boulogne, and will draw from their observations abundant evidence of the superiority of republican institutions and of the shocking immorality of the best classes in France. Many days will be consumed in endeavors to get a glimpse of the Empress, and many more in promenading the halls of the Exposition at hours when they are crowded with Americans. On Sunday they will religiously attend divine service at the American chapel. The son of the house may push his curiosity a little further, but will not talk of his discoveries; and the children may, if allowed, scrape acquaintance with French playmates in the gardens of the Tuileries or the Champs Elysées; but the rest of the family will always move in a body impregnable to the enemy, as did those English people, whose adventures at the last French Exhibition have been set forth with so little exaggeration by the author of "Dr. Antonio."

But a time will come when these agreeable winter quarters must be broken up and the column must move upon the grand tower, as we have heard it called. Several trunks filled with the toilettes of Paris have been added to the baggage brought from America, and all these impedimenta are put in charge of a courier, who pays the bills, which his presence doubles, who precludes the necessity of personal contact with the inhabitants, who knows just enough of the cities to be visited to be able to find a *colet de place* for a guide to their wonders, and who fixes the amount of the fees for hotel servants and of the bribes for custom-house officers. Whenever the courier, becoming an *avant courier*, goes forward to secure quarters for the night—the convenience of the telegraph being unknown on the Continent—the commander-in-chief undertakes in person to arrange the details of railroad transportation. His "combiang" is translated to the official's ear by the open pocket-book, and he is pleased to find on subsequently examining his "Bradshaw" that he has not been cheated, and that dishonesty is not always the handmaid of courtesy. In difficult cases the eldest daughter, who has been to a Franco-American boarding-school, takes part in the colloquy, but soon pronounces the French of the railroad station impure, and wishes that the courier, who understands the patois of this province, would return. In default of a good American guide-book, Murray is studied day and night. In default of American hotels, those frequented by the English are selected. The company is reinforced from time to time by American gentlemen and ladies, who congratulate each other that they were born in a free country; who echo each other's pity for the deplorable ignorance and

superstition of the poor Old World; who remind each other that there is no word for *home* in the French language, and that the Italian face is invariably expressive of beggary, brigandage, or Borgiaism; who unite in declaring the scenery of the Hudson far finer than that of the Rhine, and might unite also in thinking the beauty of ancient works of art exaggerated did not their guide-books reassure them. Custom-house examinations serve to indicate the boundaries between different countries, which the interposition of the courier between the traveller and the changes in currency and dialect might otherwise obscure. Their baggage slowly but steadily increases in bulk, and their wrath at the imposition of an extra charge upon baggage increases in the same ratio. At length they return to Paris to make a few last purchases, which they stow away in a few more trunks, and then sail homewards with wardrobes full of clothes and garrets full of curiosities, that have cost (taking into account courier's per-centage, expense of transportation, custom-house duties, and premium upon gold) from one-third to one-half more than they could have been obtained for in America.

But they will have paid still more dearly for the very little that they bring home in their heads. Such travellers—and there will be more of them than usual this year—do not increase to an appreciable extent their stock of information. Groping blindfold through fields teeming with harvests, they glean more stubble than wheat. Their prejudices are apt to be hardened. The fallacies which they sucked in with mother's milk and lecture-room pap still form their mental diet. They return to business, the caucus, and the sewing society, thanking God that they are not as the other men and women are with whom their travels have acquainted them. It was something, doubtless, to have changed the *locus in quo* of their lives for a few months, something to have seen new faces, even if they were the faces of Americans, something to have broken up the daily routine. A new experience, though intrinsically less valuable than the old, may stimulate the mind far more, even the mind of a man who tries his utmost to derive the least possible good from it. A native of Buffalo may get more pleasure and profit from a first visit to the Staubbach than from a third or fourth view of Niagara. But having taken the pains to go to Switzerland, why not take the further pains to improve his opportunity, by gaining some knowledge of the nature of the country, the habits of the people, and the peculiarities of the language which they speak?

ENGLAND.

LONDON, March 22, 1867.

WHEN I wrote to you last the chief excitement of the day was the renewed Fenian outbreak. The results were a little less ridiculous than on the last occasion, for there were actually two or three attacks upon scattered police barracks. But it is hard to know whether to laugh or to cry at their performances. Their plan of campaign is an organization of two expedients, at both of which they are tolerable proficient—running away and lying. A report is raised that the Fenians are coming; the troops or the police move after them; they generally find the report to be simply false; sometimes they catch sight of Fenians in the distance; once, a company of infantry had the luck to make a charge; but the alacrity with which they disperse generally baffles all pursuit. They have ransacked a few houses for arms, attacked one or two isolated stations, and suffered considerably from severe weather upon the mountains. But gradually the disturbances have become more mythical; the military operations are reduced to what are dignified by the name of "flying columns," that is, squads of a dozen men and an officer sent out upon cars with a hamper of sandwiches and a whiskey-flask. But the Fenian in arms is getting as rare as the proverbial dodo, and "suspicious strangers" are taking flight across the Atlantic. I wish you joy of their company. This is, in one sense, absurd enough; but it is also not a little melancholy. The Fenians can do little injury beyond the shock to confidence. The priests are against them; the peasantry remain generally passive; and the police have behaved admirably. But, feeble as the explosion is, it testifies to chronic social disorder which it will take generations to remove. I only hope that, when the Reform bill has been settled, our statesmen will take some decided steps towards dealing with the land and the church questions, which are the opprobrium of our present system.

"When the Reform question is settled," I have said. When will that be? At present we seem to be plunging deeper and deeper into quagmires and fathomless quicksands, across which no mortal man can see his way. To explain all the ins and outs of party squabbles—how the cabinet first went one way, then in ten minutes (as Sir J. Pakington confessed, to the infinite amusement of his constituents) turned in directly the opposite way; how they have gone backwards and forwards and abandoned every position

directly it was attacked—would be probably wearisome to you to read. I will only say that after immense affectation of mystery, destined to cover an absence of all plan, they have at last been driven to reveal their last bid for office. They will consent, if only they may retain their seats on the Treasury bench, to give us household suffrage, but with conditions. Household suffrage was, a year ago, beyond the hopes of the most ardent reformers; it is now accepted by even lukewarm reformers, and has become so popular that the Tories try to conjure with its name; but they try to add conditions which will make the name empty. They confer a number of franchises upon ministers, university graduates, and others of the wealthier classes, hoping by this lateral extension to overbalance the effect of the vertical extension. Then they give two votes to every man who pays a certain sum in direct taxation; and, finally, they disfranchise what are called "compound householders," which means persons who live in the smaller houses and are allowed, for convenience of collection, not to be rated separately, the landlord of a number of separate houses paying the rates and collecting them from his tenants. Without troubling you with mere technicalities, these are all devices for withdrawing with one hand what is given with the other; for gaining the praise of liberality and keeping the convenience of stinginess; and, in short, in one way or other, for taking the wind out of reformers' sails under false pretences. The Liberal party have agreed to allow the bill to pass a second reading, and to attempt to throw out these modifying clauses in committee. They have strength enough for this; but the question is, What will follow? Will the ministry resign or dissolve? In either case, will reform be any nearer a settlement? Time will show; but I confess that I look forward to a long contest. Fond as the Tories are of their places, they can scarcely submit to the degradation of passing a household suffrage pure and simple.

Any of your readers who care to see the subject treated by some of the more thoughtful amongst our younger Liberals would find it worth while to look at a volume of "Essays on Reform" just published by Macmillan. Another volume will follow, treating of the questions in urgent need of treatment by a reformed Parliament. I will here only quote a few rather curious figures given in an essay by Mr. Cracroft, which show the hold preserved by the aristocracy upon the Government of the country. He analyzes the present composition of the House of Commons, and brings out the following facts: In the first place, the land-owners return directly as county members 256 out of the 638 members. But out of 396 borough members 246 are also connected directly with the lands either by actual ownership or close connection with owners. The remaining six members represent the universities. This leaves 150 members only from the purely mercantile and professional to 500 from the land-owning classes. Again, the peerage and the baronetage together return 226 members (meaning by the "peerage" the sons or grandsons of peers, or Scotch and Irish peers), and there are 100 more members at least closely connected with the peerage; 326 in all, or about half the House. Taking another mode of reckoning, there are 227 members from the great public schools, 292 graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, 584 members of the Church of England, and at least 222 naval and military officers. All these facts point in the same direction, and imply that the aristocratic classes and those immediately connected with them have a perfectly overwhelming power in the House of Commons. They showed it curiously last year, when every other business was postponed and the Government fairly bullied to pass through the House a measure for compensating the land-owners for their losses by the cattle plague. And, indeed, when any topic affecting the class is started, they are perfectly irresistible, not merely by the community of interest, but by the fact that they are bound together by so many family ties that a large number of them form what Mr. Cracroft calls one great "cousinhood." To break this compact, impenetrable phalanx will be a work of time; and to set against it the working classes have at present two representatives at most; meaning by that, two men who would really be authorized in some degree to speak in their name and express their views. These two are Mr. Thos. Hughes and Prof. Fawcett, the blind member for Brighton, young man of very remarkable power.

Turning from this, I will notice two incidents which have lately occurred, and which may throw some light on the present condition of the House of Commons. The first is that there has at last been a vote carried against flogging in the army. The question still waits for a final settlement, but flogging is undoubtedly doomed. The utter impolicy of the practice is as conspicuous as its brutality. We have the utmost difficulty in keeping up our army by voluntary recruiting. A conscription is impossible. Meanwhile, the feeling against flogging in the army is so strong that in the metropolitan constituencies no member would have a chance of election who did not immediately pronounce against it. It is no wonder that it is felt as a social stigma upon the private soldier, for no one would venture to flog an

officer. But the ruling powers have hitherto hesitated to remove it, strongly as it has operated against recruiting. They have clung to the power, and sneered at all opponents as sentimentalists. The rapid change of opinion is curious, and shows the coming ground-swell of reform. Till this session there have been large majorities in favor of retaining it.

The second scene I have to mention was more dramatic. A certain Mr. Churchward has had a long notoriety for bribery. His last performance was to vote for a Government candidate in return for an advantageous contract from the Admiralty. The House of Commons investigated the affair, convicted Mr. Churchward, and repudiated the contract as obtained by corrupt means, after a number of debates. The Lord Chancellor has just appointed Mr. Churchward magistrate for Dover. When the ministry were called to account for this, they excused the Lord Chancellor by saying that he had never heard of Mr. Churchward. Lord Chancellors never lie; indeed, as "keepers of the royal conscience," it would be monstrous, and, therefore, this statement must be true; but if any one else had made it, it would have been almost as easy to believe that the Lord Chancellor had never heard of Mr. Bright, for Mr. Churchward had been for three sessions the great stumbling-block of his party. Hereupon, an address was moved in the House of Commons praying the Queen to remove Mr. Churchward from the magistracy. The Tories could not in decency meet this directly; but they found out that several persons were so far in the same case with Mr. Churchward that they had been convicted of bribery—though in far less notorious cases, and not by a vote of the House of Commons—and been subsequently made magistrates. Consequently, to divert the attack, they moved to amend the motion by extending it to the removal of all these gentlemen. It was decided after a fierce debate, by a majority of twenty, that the motion should be amended. Then Mr. Disraeli proposed, with his usual plausibility, that the discussion of so serious a measure should be postponed; by which means the whole affair might have been shelved. It never occurred to these experienced tacticians that they might be forced to swallow their own dose. Mr. Gladstone immediately sprang up and, with a force and fire which were quite startling, insisted that the general motion should be put, and the proposition which they had intended as a mere blind converted into a reality. They were fairly caught in their own trap, and the motion was passed amidst great excitement, the supporters of the amendment not daring to divide against it. It is seldom that an engineer is so neatly "hoist with his own petard," and the House of Commons entrapped into a vigorous motion against bribery.

Appropos of this, I may mention that Mr. Gladstone has gained wonderfully by his conduct in opposition, and is certainly becoming the most powerful man in the country. His manner has been a trifle too vehement at times; but it speaks rather of enthusiasm than ill-temper, and he is the most undisputed head that the Liberal party has seen for years.

Correspondence.

WHY DO THE TONKAWAS EAT THE COMANCHES?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

But few persons are aware that we have cannibals among us. Yet we have them. The Tonkawa Indians of Texas are cannibals.*

Many years ago, ex-Governor Runnels, of Mississippi, informed me that the notorious Col. James Bowie, the inventor of the bowie-knife, assured him that once, when he was with the Tonkawas, they killed a Comanche warrior in a skirmish, who was duly cooked and eaten up by them. He added that the Tonkawas, out of compliment to him as their guest, offered him a piece of the arm of the broiled Comanche, which he from curiosity tasted, and found tender and palatable.

Some time afterwards, Dr. Powhatan B. Archer, of Brazoria, stated that after the Plum Creek fight, at which he was present, and in which the Texans, aided by the Tonkawas, routed the Comanches, he saw the Tonkawa warriors cook and eat some of the Comanches that had been slain and left on the field.

Still later, divers of the rangers who were in the raid against the Comanches in the Wichita Mountains in 1857, where the Texas troops were accompanied by a considerable band of Tonkawa warriors, who acted as their allies and guides, stated that they saw the Tonkawas cook and eat *Iron Jacket*, a noted chief of the Comanches, whose iron scale-armor, pierced by the rifle bullets that slew him, now hangs in the State Library of Texas.

* The *Cucaracamas*, a tribe of gigantic Indians that inhabited the coast of Texas, were also cannibals. The word *cucaracama* is said to signify "man-devourer."

The Tonkawas pressed them to participate in the feast made upon their foe, holding up choice morsels to them, and saying, "Comanche meat good," and seeming hurt because they indignantly declined to partake.

Only last week an ex-lieutenant of the rangers assured me that, after a successful fight on the part of the Texans and Tonkawas jointly against the Comanches, the Tonkawas, as was usual with them, cut up and broiled and roasted a Comanche chief who was among the slain, and annoyed him by their importunities, insisting that he should eat a slice from the leg of the Comanche, which was done to a crisp and was displayed before him in order that he might be tempted to partake. The Tonkawas told him that, while they ate the Comanches and *vice versa*, neither of those tribes ate white people or other Indians. He added that there are now not less than twenty disbanded rangers living in or near Austin who could testify in court, of their own personal knowledge, that the Tonkawas are cannibals.

Testimony to the same effect has been given by officers of the regular army of the United States who served on the western frontier of Texas before the rebellion.

The proofs are cumulative and are unquestioned. The fact that we have *caribes* (cannibals) among us must be regarded as established beyond a doubt.

Not very long ago the Tonkawas, who have ever been the deadly enemies of the Comanches and the fast friends of the Texans, lived a roving sort of live along the frontier. The Comanches surprised them. *Placido*, their first chief, was killed, and with him a majority of the tribe, including the women and children. In consequence the Tonkawas, who had always been distinguished for their bravery, and who, within the memory of men not yet old, had been quite numerous, but had for years been continually losing in their unequal contest with the Comanches, who are the most numerous and powerful of the tribes of the South-west, were suddenly reduced to some 140 or 150 souls all told, and thus were compelled to leave the frontier and come to Austin, where they now are, to claim succor and protection from their white friends. They want rations and clothing for the present, and a reserve of land, farming implements, stock, seeds, and instruction as to how to use them, for the future. Their first chief, *Castillo*, and their second chief, *Chiahoke*,* have stated their condition and made their requests. The commander of the U. S. military post at Austin furnishes them with subsistence. The Legislature of Texas has made an appropriation sufficient to supply them with blankets and clothing.

The Tonkawas, in their intercourse with each other, speak their own language, though most of the warriors speak Spanish, and some of them English; but their acquaintance with the last-mentioned language is very imperfect.

Chiahoke, the second chief of the Tonkawas, and myself have become very good friends. He understands English quite well; better than one would suppose from his mode of speaking.

While going to dinner to-day, I saw *Chiahoke* walking briskly up Congress Avenue in the direction of the camp of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry, which lies beyond the capitol. Thinking it a good chance to satisfy my curiosity, and to get a truthful answer to a delicate question by putting it to him when he was off his guard, I joined my cannibal friend, who seemed to be in a good humor, being dressed better than usual, wearing for the occasion a cavalry hat, and being painted with care, and after exchanging salutations, walked along with him and enquired where he was going. He answered, speaking by jerks, Indian fashion, "I go—camp—draw rations." I requested him to stop a moment, which he politely did.

"My friend *Chiahoke*," said I, "I have always regarded you as a very clever sort of a native American, and hence ask you to do me the favor to answer a question: Why do you Tonkawas eat the Comanches? Is it because their flesh is good to the taste; because you think that by eating a great warrior you acquire his courage and sense; or is it from an insatiable feeling of revenge?"

My friend *Chiahoke* leered upon me, and with a cunning smile (such as you may have seen a little boy assume when questioned by a playmate as to the quality of preserves confidentially confessed to have been pilfered from his mamma's pantry) and an inward chuckle replied, "Yes—good."

The enquiries made had evidently at first brought vividly to his memory savory morsels of broiled Comanche wherewith he had been wont to regale himself, but immediately it seemed to flash across his mind that, in the estimation of white people, cannibalism was disreputable. He stopped short. Upon being pressed to give a further and more definite answer, he would only say, "Two bits—whiskey," meaning thereby that he would give the information sought if he was supplied with twenty-five cents worth of whiskey.

* Pronounced giving the letters their usual English sound—*Chiahoke*.

The noble savage had become deboshed! He craved the "fire-water" that no less than pestilence and war had wrought ruin upon his race. This disgusted me, so I took leave of my friend *Chiahoke*, who went his way. I had seen from the expression of his countenance that his suspicions were aroused, and that the adage, *in vino veritas*, would not hold good in his case. No fact had been elicited from him save that, in his judgment, the flesh of Comanches is emphatically good to eat.

My curiosity is unsatisfied. None but the chiefs and principal warriors of the Tonkawas can give authoritative answers to the enquiries stated. I shall watch each one of them when he comes from his camp to town, and when an opportunity offers for a private and confidential chat, will propound to him the question that disturbs my mental repose.

W. A.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, November 30, 1866.

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